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TIME

A detailed illustration of Harry Potter, a young boy with dark, messy hair and a lightning bolt scar on his forehead. He is wearing his signature round, black-rimmed glasses and has a slight, knowing smile. He is holding a wand in his right hand, which is raised near his face. The background is a magical, dark blue night sky with stars and a hint of a castle silhouette. The overall style is a soft, painterly illustration.

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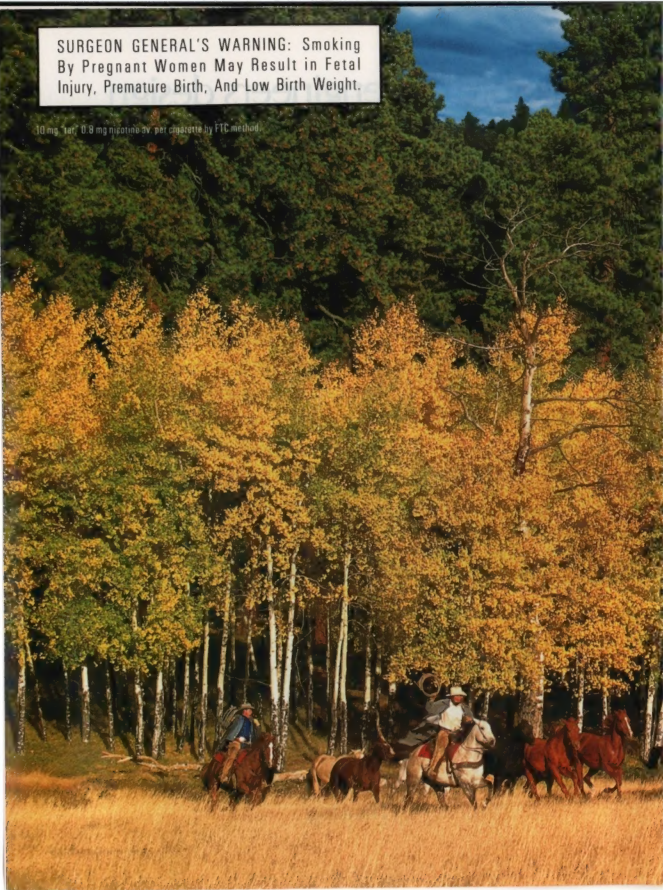
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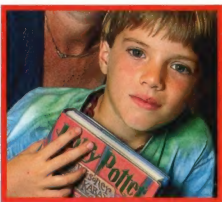
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Island of Fear: Indonesia visits terror on East Timor (see WORLD)



Wild About Harry: Ardent fans rush for the latest on Hogwarts' most famous student (see COVER)



Two to Tango: But will Redstone or Karmazin lead? (see BUSINESS)

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When the third of J.K. Rowling's tales about a boy wizard hit U.S. bookstores last week, copies flew off the shelves. And no wonder. Who wouldn't want to know more about Hogwarts, Azkaban and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named? A guide to it all—plus Rowling gives TIME a peek at No. 4	66
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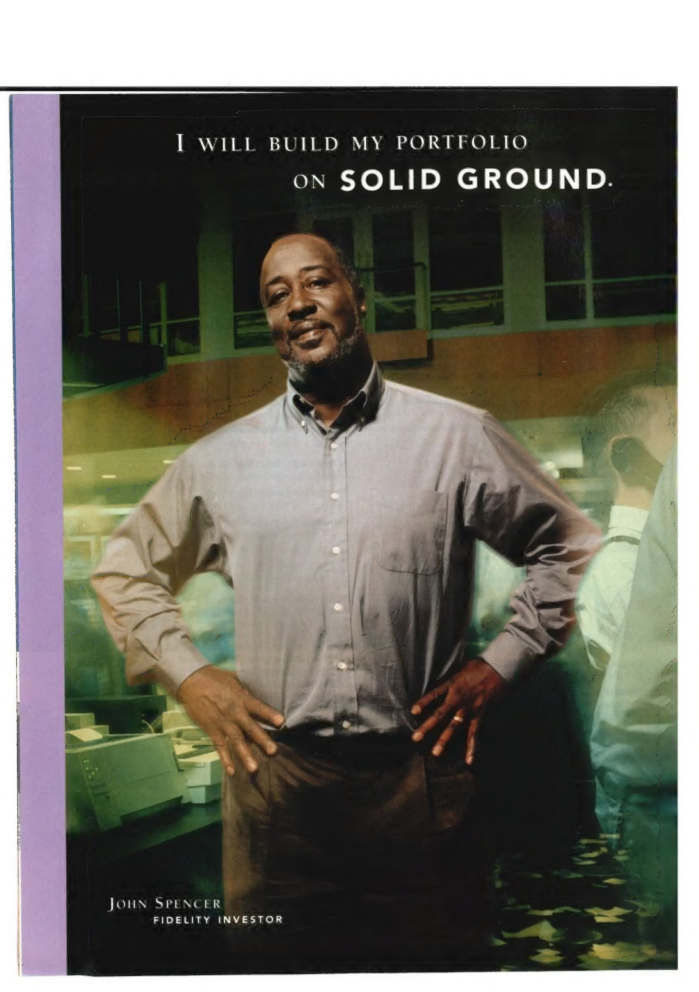
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A man with a beard and mustache, wearing a light blue button-down shirt, stands in an office environment. He has his hands on his hips and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background shows office equipment, including a printer, and a blurred figure of another person in the distance. The lighting is soft, and the overall tone is professional and confident.

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Romesch Ratnesar/Swarthmore

A Quaker Beating

When Swarthmore routed Oberlin in the season opener, it won much more than a game

AN HOUR BEFORE THE BIGGEST game of his life, Joe Aleffi lay on his back inside the Swarthmore College field house, staring at the ceiling. Aleffi, a senior running back for Swarthmore's football team, the Garnet Tide, had spent the morning listening to Metallica and trying to calm himself. "This is the most excited I've ever been for a game," he said. "I had trouble sleeping last night." Other Swarthmore players nearby strapped on their pads in silence. The night before, one had gone to the center of the field to meditate alone in the darkness.

Football at Swarthmore has often felt like an exercise in solitude, and in futility. Coming into the season-opening game against Oberlin, the Garnet Tide had been defeated in 28 straight games—the longest losing streak in college football. Their last win was in 1995, and the final score, 2-0, sounded like that of a soccer match. The school had since considered dropping football altogether. Players quit the team in droves. Only a handful of students showed up to watch Saturday home games. But at this intensely cerebral Quaker college, there has been a revived interest in the fortunes of the team, and a sense

that if the streak was to be broken, it would happen against Oberlin: the Yeomen had lost 19 straight games going in, and 59 out of their last 60.

No fan relished the opportunity more than Steve Klotz, 41, a retirement-home director from Jacobus, Pa., and the father of Swarthmore defensive back Josh Klotz. Steve had witnessed many of the team's recent embarrassments. In 1997, during a 73-0 drubbing by Johns Hopkins, the scorekeepers, in an act of mercy, let the clock run through time-outs. After that season, Steve said, "The players told the administration that they were tired of going out and playing games no one cared about." Last year under new coach Peter Alvanos, Swarthmore was competitive in several games. This summer the players arrived on campus two weeks early to prep for the opener.

Joe Aleffi's rushing helped bury Oberlin

By game time against Oberlin, the Swarthmore students weren't behaving like Quakers. Close to 200 showed up for the game—not bad on a campus of 1,380. It is more common to see students at games wearing Swarthmore math department T-shirts (WE MATH GOOD) than football jerseys. "A lot of people don't care about football here," said senior Paul Dickson, an engineering major. "It doesn't exactly fit into the culture." But the team's ignominious run has aroused the curiosity. Said another senior, Abbas Ebrahim: "There's the whole Cinderella thing about the streak." As he spoke, Swarthmore scored on a long touchdown pass. The student section erupted. Ebrahim and Dickson bumped chests.

Like most Swarthmore contests, the game became a mismatch, but this time the

Formerly stoic Swatties savor their rare victory

Tide turned. Leading 14 to 6 at half time, Swarthmore scored three touchdowns in the third quarter. With the score 42 to 6, coach Alvanos rested the starters, including Aleffi, for the first time in their careers. By then some Swat backers were waxing philosophical about the losing streak. Aleffi's father John, 52, has traveled from Clark, N.J., for every Swarthmore game in the past three years. "I'll tell you," he

said, "this has been a tremendous test of character."

When the game ended, Swarthmore students stormed the field and with some difficulty tore down the goal posts. "This is the happiest day of my life,"


Alvanos told his players. Then he quickly warned them, "Don't do anything to embarrass the family tonight. Be your brother's keeper. Be smart."

It is hard to imagine Swatties doing otherwise. Doug Kneeland, a sophomore offensive tackle who majors in Latin and minors in Greek, plays football because, as he says, "I strive to live by the Greek ideal of being both physically and mentally sound." He said several players planned to celebrate the win by going back out on the field later "to just sit and talk."

After the game, Joe Aleffi couldn't stop smiling. He had run for 104 yds. and one touchdown. "I had to dig deep within myself to get through the past three years," he said. "Now I'm just so relieved." He said that "this is going to be the first Saturday night in a long time that I've been in a positive mood." But revelry could wait. The first thing Joe did after the game of his life was give his mother a kiss.



“[The 28-game losing streak posed] a test of character.” —SWARTHMORE FAN JOHN ALEFFI



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LETTERS



Looking After Mom and Dad

“Caring for our parents as they grow old is a task for which no one is prepared. We learn on the spot.”

SUZANNE P. HIATT
Fairfield, Conn.

CONFETTI TO TIME!—FOR PLACING THE perplexing topic of elder care on the nation's kitchen table [FAMILY, Aug. 30]. Writer Cathy Booth's personal story and the article on making the right choices touched the lives of millions and initiated critical conversations between generations of families, between employers and employees, and among those who provide services for seniors. Booth wrapped her personal story around our hearts and gave those of us who care for our parents the courage to break our silence and discover ways to forge a new map in uncharted territory.

GAIL GOELLER
Spokane, Wash.

FOR MANY MIDDLE- AND LOWER-INCOME individuals, bearing the cost of quality assisted living or other long-term care is about as realistic as buying a Rolls-Royce as the family car. The real long-term-care story is too often not about options but about impoverishment, the lack of choice and the loss of dignity.

JON DAUPHINÉ, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Long Term Care Campaign
Washington

NO MENTION OF ADULT DAY-CARE CENTERS? What an oversight! My husband has Alzheimer's, and I can't imagine coping with this situation without one.

EVE VAN STRALEN
North Hollywood, Calif.

ONCE YOU TAKE THE EXHAUSTING ROLLER-coaster ride of caring for your parents, you never view the elderly and aging in the same light again.

PAMELA MCCAY JOHNSON
Central Point, Ore.

AS THE OWNER OF A HOME-CARE AGENCY, I applaud your report, but it missed a crucial part of the elder-care equation. Finding and retaining good caregivers is difficult now, and as the need grows, where are the workers to come from? If

we want good care for our parents (and ourselves soon enough), we're going to have to pay for it. Instead of blowing the budget surplus on a big tax cut, we should find ways to invest in those who care for our vulnerable elders. Providing decent pay, training and benefits would be a start.

JUDITH B. CLINCO, R.N., B.S.
Catalina In-Home Services Inc.
Tucson, Ariz.

WHY ARE WE A NATION OBSESSED WITH forcing our parents out of their homes and into nursing homes or alternatives, when the greatest comfort and peace of mind can be had at home, at a lower cost, with in-home caregivers? One option is a government reverse mortgage to cover costs. Most seniors desire to live and die in their homes.

RICHARD SUTTON
Palatine, Ill.

Another Side of Aging

I AM 79 YEARS OLD, PLAY GOLF THREE times a week, spend two to three hours a day on my computer and enjoy my new, medium-format camera. I'm a legislative representative for my union. My wife also leads a very active social life. So take heart, seniors. Old age doesn't have to be a rest home or doom and gloom.

HAL MCCLINTOCK
Pasadena, Calif.

Turkey: Among the Ruins

AFTER TUCKING MY CHILD INTO BED, I opened my TIME to the article on the earthquake in Turkey and saw the photograph of Emine Kacar, trapped in the ruins of her building [WORLD, Aug. 30]. I wept for this woman, her children dead, a child's small body lying beneath her own. I had read the headlines and kept pace with the daily death-toll updates, but the scale of human suffering did not touch me until I connected with this vic-

tim. You say in your article that "it is the individual snapshots that bring Turkey's tragedy home." It certainly came home to me, and I ache for the loss.

VICKI ERICKSON
Raleigh, N.C.

YOUR REPORTING AND PHOTOS INDEED brought home a "tragedy beyond comprehension." But your coverage left me wanting more—accounts of the doctors who left their practices at a moment's notice to provide aid, information on the search-and-rescue specialists called into action and an update on the Red Cross's efforts to collect money on the home front to support our neighbors to the East. We wealthy Americans can't even imagine what a loss of life and homes of this magnitude would feel like. We need you, TIME, to bridge the humanity gap that exists between affluent America and our less fortunate neighbors.

PAUL FALCONE
Valencia, Calif.

The Debate over Horowitz


IN "A REAL, LIVE BIGOT," YOUR COLUMNIST Jack E. White writes as though he has been granted a special license to hurl hateful epithets that stigmatize good people for life [DIVIDING LINE, Aug. 30]. Indeed, this piece has set us all on a perilous course. Who will have the courage to enter this vital debate? Is a new version of the French Revolution's Reign of Terror upon us—with reputations, rather than heads, falling?

D.L. COBURN
Dallas

IN WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY A BIGOT IS defined as "a person obstinately or intolerantly devoted to his or her own opinions and prejudices." Given that definition, White is correct, even polite, when he refers to David Horowitz as a bigot. Anyone who examines Horowitz's writings over the years will discover a perverse obsession with black people, an obsession for which he has been paid handsomely by right-wingers whose problems with blacks are probably more profound than his. Bashing black people is a lucrative 19th century industry that has survived into the 20th.

ISHMAEL REED, PUBLISHER
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Oakland, Calif.

I RESPECT THE ASTUTE AND RIGOROUSLY unsentimental David Horowitz as one of America's most original and courageous political analysts. He has the true 1960s spirit: audacious, irreverent, yet passion-



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STRAIGHT TALK



TIME's story on a Utah group of Straight Edgers who abjure alcohol, tobacco, illegal drugs and premarital sex—but sometimes

deliver their message with weapons and violence (NATION, Aug. 30)—made readers shake their heads for different reasons. Mark Meier from Sacramento, Calif., raised a chilling specter: "Consider the frightening potential of this group. Civilization is lost once we allow self-appointed moral guardians to impose their particular standards by force." However, many more readers wrote us endorsing Straight Edge ideals. "Straight Edge is a label, self-applied," stressed Sara Weiser of Bloomington, Ind. "It's a choice of lifestyle. Thousands of Straight Edgers do not condone violence but are merely devoted to clean living." And to Lindsay James of Northampton, Mass., who was once part of the nonviolent Straight Edge movement, it gives a "sense of community and provides a rigid set of values in a careless world, a way to live for kids who do not want to destroy themselves."

ately engaged and committed to social change. I regard him as an important contemporary thinker who is determined to shatter partisan stereotypes and defy censorship wherever it occurs—notably, in this case, in the area of discourse on race, which is befogged with sanctimony and hypocrisy. As a scholar who regularly surveys archival material, I think that a century from now, cultural historians will find David Horowitz's spiritual and political odyssey paradigmatic for our time.

CAMILLE PAGLIA
PROFESSOR OF HUMANITIES
University of the Arts
Philadelphia

HOROWITZ IS A '60S TURNCOAT WHO discovered that the grass is greener—and the opportunity for self-promotion greater—on the reactionary side of the fence. White was too kind. More could have been made of Horowitz's invitation to black Americans to love America or leave it—a sentiment he abhorred when used against him and his former cohorts.

Horowitz may ruminate about being accused of being a closet racist. He need not worry—he's outed himself.

JULIAN BOND, CHAIRMAN
N.A.A.G.P.
Baltimore

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

I CAN RELATE TO PAUL GRAY'S "DUELING Head Shots" on the endless TV close-ups of ballplayers' faces (ESSAY, Aug. 30). As a 25-year veteran of producing and directing professional baseball, I too have tried to convey what occurs over acres of ground in a sensible and entertaining way. However, most baseball viewers are just casual fans. Nine out of 10 can't tell you the difference between a curveball and a slider. But viewers can understand the sweat dripping off the brow of the pitcher. The tight shot of the hitter showing his determined stare is also appropriate. Just talking about it reminds me why I think baseball is such a terrific sport on television.

MARK WOLFSON, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Oakland A's Television
Oakland, Calif.

IN THEIR EFFORT TO "MAKE THE GAME more interesting," the directors are missing a great deal of the essence of the action. I'm glad Gray has reminded the TV gods that most of us fans actually enjoy watching the game.

BRIAN V. WILLICK
Toronto

Amnesty for Bush?

GEORGE W. BUSH WOULD BE POLITICALLY dead if a crime other than possible past illicit drug use were uncovered (NATION, Aug. 30). To his advantage, this case indicates that in the public mind certain drug use is no longer considered a crime. What makes you gag is that a politician who attempts to criminalize drug use by means of tougher laws takes advantage of the situation.

FLORIAN KOELSCH
Cambridge, Mass.

IN HIS COY STATEMENTS REGARDING PAST drug use, Bush has consistently labeled any alleged indiscretions as "mistakes." If so, they are obviously mistakes he believes should be without consequences, either in the past or during the current presidential campaign. His evasiveness makes him just another hard-line hypocrite willing to lock up other "youthful offenders" for breaking the same laws that he was once too weak to obey.

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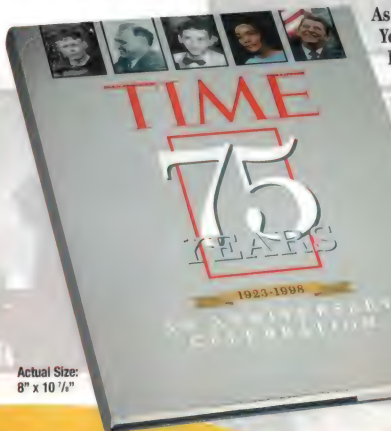


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JOE MARTIN
Izmir, Turkey

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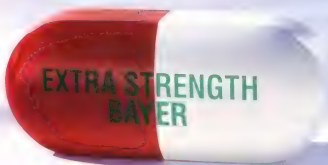
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VERBATIM

“Our country can survive bad judgment. But the thing that really undermines the integrity of government is ... whether the government killed people.”

JOHN DANFORTH, former Senator, on being named head of an inquiry into the Branch Davidian siege in Waco, Texas

“One of them had the name of a military officer with his code name ...”

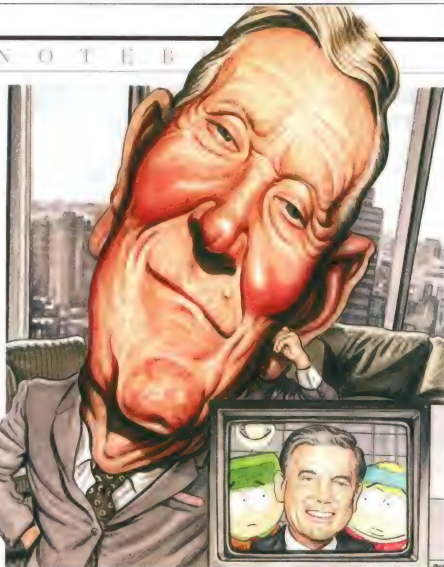
SAJI PHILIPS, New Zealand chicken farmer, on faces mistakenly sent to him in preparation for President Clinton's visit

“It was only slightly different from the proceedings on the floor of the Senate.”

SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN, presidential candidate, on the MTV Awards

“I was surprised that he had no anger.”

SHARON MEISLER, lawyer for David Marshall Brown, who was released from prison 19 years late because of lost paperwork



YOU BELONG TO ME After a whopping \$70 billion merger between Viacom and CBS, Sumner Redstone is the patriarch of a media family so huge, Dan Rather and Comedy Central's *South Park* kids are in-laws. Can they get along?

Illustration: Michael Ochs; Photo: The Evening Post; Photo: Michael Ochs

WINNERS & LOSERS

SERENA WILLIAMS
Beats world's No. 1 and 2, wins U.S. Open, avenges sister's defeat, lives up to dad's bluster. What a winner!

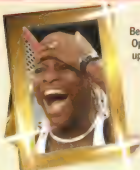
PAT BUCHANAN
Reform Party woos America Firster, while G.O.P. begs him to stay. Make book, Pat

MICHAEL PORTILLO
Tory heir apparent admits "homosexual experiences" as youth. Hip, hip for honesty!

B.J. HABIBIE
As Indonesia is isolated, President insists he's in charge. So why's that general got the mike?

PATRICIA DUFF
In court, billionaire's ex whines for more \$\$\$ Hey, you're a Dem. Try slummin' it on \$23 mil

HILLARY CLINTON
FALN mess mires her in New York ethnopolitics. Figure it out soon, or Rudy's gotcha



EXCLUSIVE

More Losses in Bosnia;
This Time It's Aid Money

THINK RUSSIA HAS A CORRUPTION PROBLEM? According to **BENJAMIN GILMAN**, chairman of the House International Relations Committee, widespread graft threatens to destabilize Bosnia and indefinitely postpone the departure of 6,000 U.S. peacekeepers from the troubled Balkan nation. A fact-finding team dispatched by Gilman to discover what has been happening to some of the \$5.1 billion in international assistance funneled to Bosnia since 1995 has come back with sobering news: in just one of the country's 10 cantons, or states, hundreds of millions of dollars provided to the government (including about \$1 million from the U.S.) have already been stolen. Another shocker: public funds earmarked



Looking for clues to the Srebrenica massacre

to pay for tombstones for some of the 7,000 victims of the Srebrenica massacre have vanished. Gilman plans hearings on the corruption this week and will call on the White House to create a "well-protected and highly trained **ELLIOT NESS**-style financial SWAT team" to pursue the inquiry in Bosnia. —By Adam Zagorin/Washington

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Now There's No Excuse
Not to Phone Home

REMEMBER WHEN YOU HAD TO WAIT UNTIL 11 p.m. for it to be cheap enough to call home? Within months you may be able to call around the clock and still not ring up any charges. That's right: completely free long-distance phone calls from Maine to Maui. The Federal Communications Commission, which has forced open the



Cheaper calls coming?

floodgates of competition, is about to create several new gushers by letting local phone companies offer long-distance service. At least one independent company is already offering free long distance if you sign up for its monthly Internet service.

But the agency isn't stopping at the U.S. border. This week the FCC is going to unstop the bottleneck that has made calling internationally the only exorbitantly priced relic in the telephone system. The agency may force Comsat, the monopoly that controls outgoing calls from the U.S., to allow other providers in. Now if only the FCC could do something about that annoying international time difference. —By Sally B. Donnelly/Washington

TELEVISION

Producer Sees Red over
Studio's Sale of *Blue*

STEVEN BOCHCO, PRODUCER OF SUCH HIT TV series as *NYPD Blue* and *Hill Street Blues*, sued Fox late last week, alleging that he has been stiffed out of profits from the sale of *NYPD Blue* into reruns. Bochco, who will receive more than \$80 million from the series, believes there should be more money in that pot—an additional \$15 million at least.

In the suit, filed in L.A. Superior Court, Bochco says Fox sold the series to its fledgling FX cable network for a puny \$400,000 per episode. (ER, by way of comparison, was sold into syndication to TNT for \$1.2 million a show.) Not only did Fox fail to shop *NYPD Blue* to other



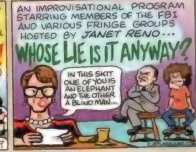
Bochco

prospective buyers, Bochco alleges, but the studio hid interest from other networks so it could supply its own cable channel on the cheap. This isn't the first such case brought against a media giant.

Disney settled a similar suit from the producers of *Home Improvement*, and actor **DAVID DUCHOVNY** has another pending against Fox over the *The X-Files*. "Steven and I finally have become fed up with this vertical integration and self-dealing," says Bochco's attorney, **FRANK ROHNER**. Fox isn't talking. "We are unaware of any complaint having been filed and have no further comment," a spokesman said. —By Kim Masters/Los Angeles

THE DRAWING BOARD

HERE'S A SNEAK PEEK AT SOME OF THE NEW TV SHOWS THAT WILL DEBUT THIS FALL...



Miss Nice vs. Miss Hip

WHICH PAGEANT'S BETTER—MISS AMERICA, WHICH TAKES PLACE THIS WEEKEND, OR Miss USA? As the formula grows tired, each organization is doing everything it can to shore up its beauty queen's territory. Here's what a fight card might look like.


TITLE	MISS AMERICA	MISS USA
POPULATION	14,046,000 TV viewers	12,922,000 TV viewers
SPIN	Worthy; emphasizes education and charitable service	Chic, fun, fashion forward
NEW HOST	Donny and Marie Osmond	Soap star Shemar Moore
SITE	Atlantic City, N.J.	Branson, Mo.
TALENT	Each of the Top 5 contestants (rather than the Top 10) will give a two-minute performance	No talent competition
ENTERTAINMENT	98"—in a video performance	Performances by the Atomic Fireballs and country singer Collin Raye
SCORING	New emphasis on speaking skills. Onstage interview is now worth 20% (an increase of 10%), evening gown (10%, swimsuit 10%, talent 15% and preliminary scoring 45%)	Swimsuit, evening-wear and question segments are each worth a third of the score
NEW SWIMSUIT RULES	Any swimsuit but no thongs or string bikinis	A one-piece suit, a tankini or a two-piece
JUDGES	Michael Badalucco of <i>The Practice</i> ; Briana Scurry , goalkeeper for the USA Women's Soccer Team; Judge Judy	Michelle Phillips of the Mamas & the Papas; actress Kelly Le Brock ; Kevin Richardson of the Backstreet Boys
CAN LOOK FORWARD TO	A TV career: Mary Hart (1) (<i>Entertainment Tonight</i>) was Miss South Dakota 1970; Delta Burke (2) (<i>Designing Women</i>) was Miss Florida 1974	A famous spouse: Donna Dixon (3), Miss Virginia 1976, is Mrs. Dan Aykroyd; Maria Myles (4), a 1983 Miss Georgia runner-up, is an ex-wife of Donald Trump, co-owner of Miss USA
PLAY TO GET NEW FANS	Moved show up an hour so crowning moment is not past bedtime	Offers an early glimpse at a possible Miss Universe
WINNINGS	\$40,000 scholarship; six-figure earnings for speaking engagements; crown (with 700 real stones!!)	Salary, car, computer, clothes, jewelry; everything from prepaid phone cards to an agent, plus a



TOE JAM

SELLING SOLES The athletic-shoe biz is worth more than \$10 billion a year, so there's no shortage of people trying to create the next Rollerblade. Air Jordan or even a whole new sport. Here are some contenders and their chance (ranked by Michael Jordan heads) of catching on.




CROSSKATES
Gimmick: Meld in-line skates, skis and dirt bikes
New fad? 
Look freaky and dangerous, which helps




STRENGTH SHOES
Gimmick: Build calf muscle by redistributing weight
New fad? **A**
Had some fans for 13 years, but haven't caught on big

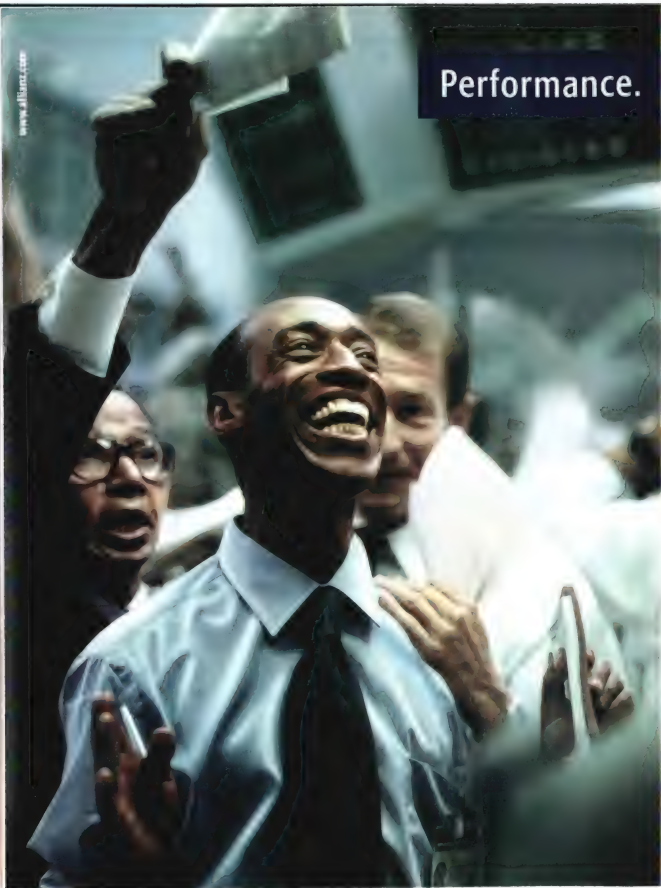


REEBOK SNOWSHOES
Gimmick: Hip look for old, high-calorie-burning fave
New fad? 
Way cool, but Reebok's last entry, sliding, was a flop



SALOMON GRINDERS
Gimmick: Slide along stairs or banisters without skates
New fad? 
 Sport even has an edgy name: "freestyle walking"

Performance.




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Allianz Group. Europe's leading global insurer
and provider of financial services.

Allianz 

JOEL STEIN

Shaving the Body, Fantastic

WHILE OTHERS CONTINUE TO PRAY FOR PEACE IN East Timor or for Britney Spears to turn 18, my prayers were answered last week when Andre Agassi shaved his chest. As if that weren't news enough, I also found out that Green Bay Packers quarterback Bret Favre shaved his legs for the upcoming season. These are real men, men who have been knocked unconscious by 300-ft. linebackers and married women who starred in sitcoms that they had to pretend were funny. I did some research and found a survey by Coherent Medical Group that shows that 54% of women find excessive body hair the most bothersome male trait, while only 25% chose love handles. This made me happy, because while shaving my body seems kind of gross, I really hate working out.

You see, I'm kind of hairy. What others would call my waist, I call "the line of demarcation." It marks the division between my normal torso and my fur-coated lower body, like some sort of poorly conceived Greek mythical creature. I tried getting rid of some of my body hair once before, when I first started getting chest hairs and would pluck them out. I stopped not because of the pain but because my chest began to look like Manuel Noriega's face. A taut, muscular version of Noriega's face.

My obsession with body hair, unlike most of my obsessions, actually began in a rare moment when I was thinking about people other than myself. Specifically, women. You see, the thing about me that I find most lamentable, besides my hairy butt, is that I'm attracted to the wrong things in

women. My head is turned by fake breasts, dyed blond hair and the excessive makeup of female rodeo clowns. So I know I shouldn't like the trend of women getting rid of nearly all their body hair. I really do believe that women's body hair should be celebrated—not removed in some infantilizing and dehumanizing way. I just don't want to celebrate it on anyone I'm dating.

But, apparently, society no longer expects me to take this high road. Not only is there a national chain of laser-hair-removal stores, called Vanishing Point, that runs an ad with a woman touching only a finger-sized part of her otherwise hairless body, but—I've completely forgotten the end of this sentence. I'm stuck on that "finger-sized part of her otherwise hairless body" part.

The body-shaving trend is so ubiquitous that it makes me think I don't have a sickness at all but simply a desire to evolve (or as they like to say in Kansas, "create") past my base animal nature. Maybe the days of Austin Powers are over, and Kim Basinger will leave that ape of a man she's married to and run right into my baby-smooth chest. I mean that in the manliest way possible.

Perhaps our advancing society is telling me that my desires aren't sick at all. In fact, they demonstrate how I think of women as people, instead of animalistic sexual toys. Body hair is a fortress between me and the person I love, a way of preventing me from getting to know and respect her as a person. It's pathetic what I'll say to get a woman to shave.

I hope there's some way the subscription department can make sure my mother doesn't get this week's issue. ■



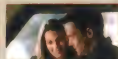
DEJA-VIEW



SAY THAT AGAIN? This TV season brings a new challenge to couch jockeys: distinguishing the three series with titles that end in *Again*. Here's a channel guide—plus a helpful mnemonic—to relieve the again-ry.

NOW AND AGAIN (CBS): John Goodman's brain gets a new life in a bioengineered body (NAA: New, Advanced Anthropoid)
ONCE AND AGAIN (ABC): Two fortysomething divorcees and their love lives (OAA: Oy, Another Angst-fest)

TIME AND AGAIN (MSNBC): Cobbled-together documentaries from archival NBC News footage (TAA: That's All? Archives?)



NEWS QUIZ



STAND BY YOUR STAN Seems like there's a new country ending in *stan* in the news every day. Stump your friends; ask which of these stans are geographical names.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1) Lizbekistan | 4) Nuristan |
| 2) Gulistan | 5) Karastan |
| 3) Kafiristan | 6) Tatarstan |

1) not a real country
 2) yes; formerly the Tatar Republic
 3) yes; a region in northeastern Afghanistan
 4) yes; a region in central Kazakhstan
 5) yes; a region in northern Tajikistan
 6) not a real country created on the Web

MILESTONES

CONVICTED. **JIM BROWN**, 63, Hall of Fame running back; of vandalizing his 25-year-old wife's car during an argument; in Los Angeles. He was acquitted of threatening her life. He faces a maximum sentence of six months in jail.

DIED. **KATIE WEBSTER**, 63, blues pianist and singer who played with Otis Redding; of heart failure; in League City, Texas.

DIED. **JIM ("CATFISH") HUNTER**, 53, Hall of Fame pitcher; of Lou Gehrig's disease; in Hertford, N.C. During his 15-year career with the Oakland A's and the New York Yankees, Hunter won five World Series, pitched a perfect game, won a Cy Young Award and became the first multimillion-dollar player when he declared free agency in 1974. "He taught us how to win," said his onetime boss George Steinbrenner.

DIED. **ALFREDO KRAUS**, 71, lyric tenor known for his masterly bel canto roles; of pancreatic cancer; in Madrid. Kraus limited his repertoire, a policy that preserved his voice into his 60s. The selectivity cost him popularity but made him a connoisseur's delight. He sang with Maria Callas on the legendary live recordings of *La Traviata* in Lisbon.

DIED. **RUTH ROMAN**, 74, actress who combined good-girl wholesomeness with bad-girl edge; in Laguna Beach, Calif. She starred in more than 30 films, including *Champion*, *Strangers on a Train* and *Colt .45*.

DIED. **ALLEN FUNT**, 84, creator of *Candid Camera*; in Pebble Beach, Calif. Funt started the hit show on the radio after experimenting with concealed microphones in the Army during World War II. *Candid Camera* aired on TV, on and off, from 1948 to 1990. Among the oddities Funt delighted in watching puzzled humans react to: trick coffee cups, talking mailboxes and bowling balls without finger holes.



DIED. **HERBERT STEIN**, 83, economist and former Nixon adviser; in Washington. Stein, a chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, was a key architect of Nixon's policies, including battling inflation through wage controls. But he eschewed ideological loyalty in favor of common sense and was critical of policies of Reagan and Bush.

NUMBERS



124,000 Number of ethnic Albanians who fled Kosovo before the NATO campaign

200,000 Estimated number of East Timorese driven from their homes since voting for independence from Indonesia



\$2,800 Daily price at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City for a "special suite" furnished with English and Italian mahogany antiques

\$299 Price of a night in a deluxe room at the nearby Waldorf-Astoria

11 million Number of American children without health insurance



9% Average investment gain in the past six months of stocks picked by dart throws at the *Wall Street Journal*

12.9% Average investment loss of stocks chosen by the *Journal's* experts

10 Number of teaspoons of sugar recommended daily by the U.S. Department of Agriculture

10 Number of teaspoons of sugar in a 12-oz. can of Pepsi

Sources: Wall Street Journal, New York Times, Agence France Presse, Tufts University Health and Nutrition Letter.

THEN & NOW



FARM CHARM A statue designed by Leonardo da Vinci in the 1500s but not cast until this decade was erected in Milan last week, left. Meanwhile, *Cow Up a Tree*, by John Kelly, moooved into Paris.

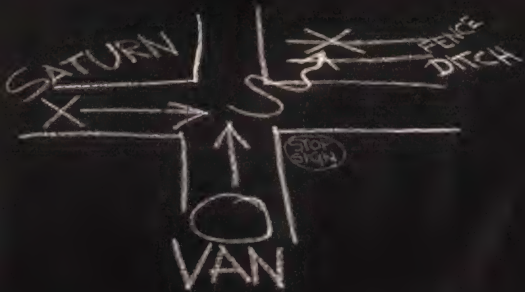
SPY VS. SPY



RED SHOE DIARIES In a new book, *The Sword and the Shield*, former KGB librarian Vasili Miltrokhin, who sneaked out thousands of documents in his shoes, reveals that Russian spooks funded Mark Lane's J.F.K.-conspiracy theory book *Rush to Judgment* to destabilize the U.S. What other volumes might the KGB have planned to try to destroy our way of life?

- You Might Be a Redneck If...
- Bridges of Madison County
- On the Road
- The Rules
- Contract with America
- The entire oeuvre of both Jackie and Joan Collins
- Green Eggs and Ham

By Melissa August, Harriet Barwick, Autumn De Leon, Andrew Goldstein, Tam Gray, Daniel Levy, Michele Oreckin, James Paulowicz and Doss Philadelphia



SATURN SURVEY

Your name MICKEY CLAYTON Age 45

Occupation HEAD BASKETBALL COACH, FLORIDA A&M


Where is your Saturn retailer located? _____

SATURN OF TALLAHASSEE

If you had to share one story or experience about your Saturn, what would it be?

WE STARTED THE SEASON 0-10, BUT STILL MANAGED TO
MAKE IT TO THE CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP. THEN, ON MY
WAY TO THE GAME, MY SATURN GOT BROADSIDED BY A
VAN. SOMEHOW, I WALKED AWAY WITHOUT A SCRATCH,
AND WE WENT ON TO WIN THE GAME. OUR REWARD? A
TRIP TO THE TOURNAMENT WHERE WE FACED THE #1 TEAM
IN THE NATION. AND, BELIEVE ME, THEY HIT US PRETTY
HARD TOO.

Which Saturn do you drive? SLZ Color GOLD

Reinforced-steel safety cage. The new, redesigned Saturn 5-star rating.
A Different Kind of Company. A Different Kind of Car. 

W O R L D

ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE

As the world watches helplessly, East Timor is savaged by thugs and Indonesia

By TERRY MCCARTHY

THE TIMORESE WAS A DEAD MAN walking when American teacher Pamela Sexton found him. The militiamen had used machetes on his arms, chopping repeatedly down to the bone. His stomach was slashed open. Blood covered his frame. "Where do you put a tourniquet on someone who has been sliced all over?" asked Sexton, a U.N. observer evacuated last week from East Timor. She took him to the Motael clinic in Dili, but he soon died. The militia later came back and burned the clinic to the ground.

Asia has a new killing field—East Timor. After a majority of the population voted for independence from Indonesia Aug. 30, pro-Jakarta militiamen rampaged through the territory, killing, burning and looting with

impunity. Priests and nuns were among those singled out for execution last week as shops, churches, radio stations and clinics were torched. The Roman Catholic humanitarian agency Caritas said its head in East Timor, Father Francisco Baretto, as well as "a large part" of the 40-member Caritas team, "has been murdered." Some 200,000 people—about a quarter of the population—have fled the territory. By the end of the week the militias seemed to be withdrawing, and on Saturday five special representatives of U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan were able to visit East Timor's capital, Dili, which was a smoldering ghost town. Most of the killers had already gone.

The tragedy is that everyone saw it coming, from U.N. officials on the ground to diplomats at U.N. headquarters in New York City. But it was a sign of the limits of international cooperation that while everyone saw it coming, no one knew what to do. As gruesome images piled up in newspapers and popped up on the nightly news, Americans were perplexed and worried. Why wasn't this like Kosovo? they asked in call-in shows and letters to Congress. The White House responded to the growing public anger with strong condemnations of its own. By Friday, President Bill Clinton was saying, "It is now clear that the Indonesian military is aiding and abetting the militia," and called for "an international force to make possible the restoration of security." But presidential advisers made it clear that realpolitik ruled: the U.S. had no plans to fight its way uninvited into a territory that supplies little more



FLEEING THE CARNAGE Refugees from East Timor arrive in Tenua Harbor in West Timor



TO BE FREE: A demonstrator holds a sword to his throat, a traditional local gesture of defiance



than a specialty coffee bean to Starbucks. "Because we bombed Kosovo doesn't mean we should bomb Dili," said National Security Adviser Sandy Berger.

But that didn't make East Timor's horror any easier to watch. In New York, Annan led an aggressive effort to push the world into action. He publicly tried to persuade Indonesia to invite an international peacekeeping force. Privately, he pushed other nations to issue an ultimatum to Jakarta: permit such a force or it will be sent in uninvited. A failure to permit peacekeepers into a gruesome killing zone like East Timor, he warned Jakarta, was perilously close to a crime against humanity. Accompanying the U.N. visit Saturday to Dili, armed forces chief General Wiranto (see box) appeared to open the door to a foreign peacekeeping mission. "The offer for an accelerated international peacekeeping force must be considered an option by the Indonesian government," said Wiranto, without giving any time frame for such a mission. Critics called the offer a possible feint.

Since January, when Indonesian President B.J. Habibie unexpectedly offered East Timorese a referendum on independence, militia groups who wanted continued ties with Jakarta began to organize and acquire guns. Even before the vote, independence campaigners were intimidated and dozens killed. Although the militias were clearly supported by elements of the Indonesian armed forces, the international community in May agreed to entrust security during the referendum period to Indonesia. It was a fatal misjudgment, as the bloodbath showed. Why the killing? There were all kinds of theories. Perhaps the military, angered at having to give up territory it had fought so hard to pacify, wanted to get a few last licks in before pulling out. The military leadership was also clearly afraid that other restive provinces like Aceh and Irian Jaya would use the East Timor precedent to push for their own secession—and so, the theory goes, they wanted to make an example of East Timor. Others argued that regional commanders intended to defy Jakarta and reduce East Timor to a state of anarchy to cancel out entirely the result of the referendum. "The military feels insulted," says Harry Tjan Silalahi, a think-tank director in Jakarta. "Some may want to restore order, but those in the field have a much different purpose." In all likelihood, each of these explanations added a sliver of sick truth to East Timor's fate.

Violence is not new to East Timor, an arid territory about the size of Connecticut. Colonized by the Portuguese in the 16th century for its sandalwood, and predominantly Catholic, it was invaded by Indone-

sian troops in December 1975 with the tacit consent of President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Jakarta's forces met bitter resistance—some 200,000 East Timorese died as a result of the occupation, and Indonesia's annexation of East Timor was never recognized by the U.N.

It was to get rid of this diplomatic embarrassment that President Habibie proposed the referendum, ignoring the warnings of top military leaders, including General Wiranto. Habibie should have listened. Within hours of the Sept. 4 announcement that nearly 80% of the electorate had voted for independence, Dili and other towns echoed with gunfire as militiamen took over the streets, unchecked by the military. Civilians began pouring into churches, convents and U.N. compounds seeking safety (see accompanying story). "If there is a devil, these militia guys work for him," said a photographer evacuated from Dili after the referendum.

INDONESIAN FOREIGN MINISTER ALI Alatas claimed the military was doing its best in East Timor: "Don't hector us, don't lecture us." The words inspired little confidence. By Wednesday, after a U.N. convoy was attacked in Dili on its way to collect food and water from an outlying warehouse, Annan decided to evacuate the remaining U.N. staff from the burning city.

Then a strange thing happened: the U.N. staff in Dili revolted. Fearing the 1,500 refugees in the compound would be massacred once the foreigners left, the staff members circulated petitions and announced they would stay. After a few hours of frantic negotiating, the U.N. decided to leave behind a skeleton staff of 84 people, and the rest began to be evacuated to Darwin on Friday. They arrived in the northern Australian city with tales of wanton destruction in the territory.

The future for East Timor is uncertain. Much of the territory's infrastructure has been destroyed, and even with international aid, it will take some time to rebuild the new nation—assuming Indonesia keeps its promise to abide by the result of the referendum. In Jakarta, politicians seem reluctant but prepared to accept the vote. If they don't, says Matori Abdul Djilil, chairman of the National Awakening Party, "we will become an isolated nation in the world." But the price is already high. Having rejected international peacekeepers thus far, Jakarta is imposing its own peace on East Timor: the peace of the graveyard.

—With reporting by Lisa Clausen/Darwin, William Dowell/New York, Barry Hillenbrand/Washington and Jason Tedjasukmana/Jakarta



Years of unrest ... have pitted East Timorese leaders ...

1975 Portugal leaves East Timor. Indonesia invades
1976 Suharto declares East Timor Indonesia's 27th province

1981 The U.N. issues a resolution calling for East Timor's independence

1991 Indonesian troops fire on independence protesters in Dili, killing dozens

1996 The Nobel Peace Prize is awarded to activist Jose Ramos Horta and Catholic Bishop Carlos Belo

1999 In January, President Habibie offers East Timor a chance to vote on independence. In August, 78.5% vote yes



XANANA GUSMAO
A symbol of East Timorese resistance, Gusmao drew attention to his country's plight. He was jailed in 1992 and was released last week



JOSE RAMOS HORTA
The former television journalist has campaigned tirelessly against occupation as the resistance group Fretilin's U.N. representative



BISHOP CARLOS BELO
Awarded the Nobel Peace Prize with Horta, this Roman Catholic priest is a highly respected moderate among East Timor's mostly Catholic population

Indonesia's Power Behind the Throne

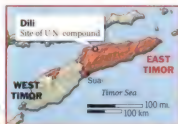


Wiranto

AS EAST TIMOR DESCENDED into chaos last week, foreign leaders did not even know whom to call to get the violence stopped—the President, B.J. Habibie, or the armed forces chief, General Wiranto. The smart money was on Wiranto, who had done such a good job in shifting the blame for East Timor onto his boss that by week's end political analysts in Jakarta said the 52-year-old general had effectively carried out an invisible coup against his boss. For the record, the handsome, authoritative general shrugged off coup rumors as "all garbage." But clad in a beige civilian suit, he confi-

dently greeted U.N. ambassadors as they arrived at the presidential palace to plead for intervention, every inch the real leader.

The general leads a 350,000-strong army that has always played an outsized role in Indonesian politics. He is thought to harbor presidential ambitions, and has reportedly been plotting to land the vice presidency under Habibie's more popular rival, Megawati Sukarnoputri, after elections in November. Wiranto is popular without being well known outside Indonesia. Like his mentor Suharto, he reveals little of himself, and his military career was unremarkable, though he apparently commanded a battalion in East Timor in 1978 and 1983. A moderate army bureaucrat, reserved and ascetic



New Guinea

Irian Jaya

Agitating for independence

...against the Indonesian militia

Believed to be armed and trained by the Indonesian army, the militias claim up to 20,000 members; many are simple street thugs operating for pay or looting rights. The main groups:

AITARAK
It means "thorn" in the local language. Led by Eurico Guterres, this violent urban gang

(a member is seen at right) is based in the city of Dili

BESI MERAH PUTIH
This group's name—it means "red-and-white iron"—evokes colors of Indonesia's flag
MAHIDI
The name—"live or die with Indonesia"—says it all for these paramilitaries



AP/WIDEWORLD PHOTOS

in his habits, he rose rapidly up the chain of command as a faithful staff officer, then personal aide to Suharto, who embraced him as a virtual member of the family. In early 1998 Suharto made him armed forces chief.

But exercising authority has proved difficult for Wiranto. In May 1998, sympathetic to student demands for reform but loyal to Suharto, he had to quell officers determined to crush the protests but tell his mentor his dictatorship was over—though the two still remain close. While he purged Suharto's hard-line son-in-law from the army's elite force, plenty of tough, independent officers continue to make trouble. In November, Wiranto failed to control them when troops in Jakarta killed unarmed student protesters. Wiranto must now play another ticklish double game: halting East Timor's chaos while locking in his own political future. ■

Joanna Jolly / Dili

"If We Stay Here, They Will Kill Us"

ON THE DAY THE REFERENDUM RESULT WAS ANNOUNCED, I STOOD WITH independence leader Leandro Isaac on the steps outside the Mahkota Hotel as he hugged journalists and friends. "We will die if we have to," he told me, but even with the streets of Dili empty and thousands of refugees already taking shelter in schools and church compounds, nobody believed the worst-case scenario of Indonesian military brutality would happen. Shortly afterward, Dili descended into total violence. Most foreign journalists fled, but a core group of 30 of us remained, deciding to move to the Turismo Hotel for safety. Almost immediately police told us there would be an attack on the hotel, and they couldn't protect us. Under guard, we moved to the U.N. compound.

Inside, the atmosphere was tense. U.N. staff had been there since the night before, living off ration packs and sleeping where they could. The compound was under constant fire from the Indonesian police, military and militias. That night was no different. As I sat on the steps in front of the main hall, crowds of Timorese suddenly rushed toward me. The intense gunfire had moved near the school compound next door, where hundreds of refugees had found shelter. All at once, the refugees had come streaming over the wall, cutting themselves on razor wire in their frenzy to get in.

By Tuesday it was uncertain how long the mission could survive in East Timor. All U.N. staff members were now concentrated within the compound walls, along with 2,000 refugees. Most of us had left for the compound with no more than we could carry. We could shower, but we were wearing the same clothes every day and eating and sleeping little. And since we were constantly under siege, we couldn't go out all day and night. The psychological war being played out by the army was intense.

But it backfired. When the U.N. gave the order to evacuate the compound on Wednesday, no one was willing to leave. Around us refugees became aware that we might be going. There was no question of taking them with us. "You are abandoning us again," one East Timorese friend said to me, as he hugged his family and cried. The anger and frustration became extreme. As journalists we decided that we wouldn't leave. "If we stay here, they will kill us, but if we leave, they will kill the refugees," said one of my colleagues. Among U.N. staff who had been working at the point of exhaustion, the sentiments were the same. A list was made up of civilian police, military liaison officers, and political and support staff who wanted to stay. By 1 a.m. there was a reprieve, and the evacuation was delayed 24 hours. The refugees were beginning to realize that the U.N. could not protect them. That night hundreds headed up into the hills behind the compound while Indonesians soldiers fired at them. On Friday morning, with 400 U.N. staff and the majority of the journalists prepared to leave, the atmosphere was still tense. My feelings were mixed as I left in the back of an Indonesian army truck, my head forced down low by the soldiers guarding us. I was happy to leave the intimidation, exhaustion and squalor. But I felt devastated to leave a country and people I had grown to love to a desperate and brutal future. ■

Joanna Jolly is a British free-lance journalist who was evacuated from Dili



MISSION IMPOSSIBLE The U.N. compound was the only safe place for some civilians



A LABOR OF LOVE: Leakey during an earlier campaign against ivory poaching

Kenya's New Fireman

Richard Leakey spent years trying to save Africa's animals. Now he's trying to save a nation

By SIMON ROBINSON NAIROBI

THE MERCURIAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi and renowned paleoanthropologist and wildlife advocate Richard Leakey has transfixed Kenyans for more than a decade. After first meeting Moi in 1968, Leakey gave occasional advice to the President, and in 1989 Moi made Leakey head of the Kenya Wildlife Service. Then came drama. Leakey quit and helped form an anticorruption opposition party; Moi branded him a neocolonial racist; a state-owned newspaper tied Leakey to the Ku Klux Klan; and progovernment thugs beat him when he attended a colleague's court hearing. "How much of it was deep [hatred] and how much of it was political, who knows?" says Leakey today.

Two months ago, the saga took another twist. In a move that startled Kenyans, the President

RECOVERY STRATEGY Moi hopes Leakey will do wonders

turned to Leakey for salvation. He named Leakey head of Kenya's civil service and secretary to the Cabinet, presenting him with a power base some insiders say is second only to the President's. "Leakey is recognized as a man of determination and integrity," Moi said in his announcement. "These are attributes which are greatly needed." Leakey, a white third-generation Kenyan, is given the job of overhauling Kenya's corrupt and inefficient public service and jump-starting the country's economy. Moi also hopes Leakey will have better luck loosening the purse strings of foreign donors. Already there is evidence of change, at least on the surface. Last week Moi stated that the number of ministries would be cut from 27 to 15. "What we are trying to do is important and dramatic, and if it works, it will be a real victory," Leakey, 54, told *TIME*. "It would be very nice to prove that you can turn things around without a bloody revolution."

Born to famed paleo-anthropologists Louis and

Mary, Leakey spent much of his childhood on his parents' fossil-hunting expeditions, developing a love of the outdoors and a marked independent streak. After leaving school at 16, he at first rejected anything to do with fossils and archaeology for fear of being trapped in his parents' shadow. But by the time Leakey was in his late 20s, his team was making important finds. He wrote books on the origin of mankind and headed the National Museums of Kenya before turning to wildlife conservation.

When he took control of the Kenya Wildlife Service, it was close to collapse. Ivory poachers were killing hundreds of elephants annually, and staff morale was miserable. Leakey sacked corrupt rangers, brought in millions of dollars from international donors and helped enforce a ban on the ivory trade. "He has an ability to wake people up," says Joe Kioko, a deputy director at the Wildlife Service who has worked in Kenya's national parks for 31 years. "If you're good and get results, he'll give you all the support you need. But if you're useless, there's no room for you. He can't stand useless people."

Leakey's powerful personality and outspokenness drew the wrath of government insiders. In 1994, following a series of attacks against Leakey in Parliament and the state-run press, Moi announced an investigation into alleged improprieties at the Wildlife Service. Leakey quit. "I could no longer achieve," he says. "Everything was too combative." The simmering animosity



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between the two men boiled over a year later, when Leakey helped form an opposition party. Though never a major force, the party attracted enough attention to provoke attacks from the ruling Kenya African National Union party.

Leakey seems to thrive on such tough times. For years he kept a terminal kidney disease secret from everyone but his doctors and wife Meave, until he finally agreed to a lifesaving kidney transplant from his estranged younger brother Philip, a former KANU member of Parliament. In 1993, a single-engine Cessna that Leakey was piloting lost power—many believe it was a result of sabotage—and crash-landed. He lost both legs below the knee but within three weeks was walking again with the help of artificial limbs. "Some people deteriorate under pressure; some people get exhilarated," Leakey said last week. "I think pressure probably suits me."

The new job as de facto leader of what Moi calls Kenya's recovery strategy is Leakey's biggest challenge yet. Kenya was once one of the most successful developing countries in Africa. But its economy and image have deteriorated over the past decade—not in an explosion of violence or at the hands of a military regime, as in other parts of the continent, but through the pathetic slow drip of corruption and inefficiency.

Despite grumblings from within the public-service sector and from some M.P.s—an opposition politician said the appointment was "tantamount to handing the country's leadership back to the British"—most Kenyans seem to respect Leakey. "Race is not an issue," says Peter Kimuyu, acting head of the Institute of Policy Analysis and Research. "It doesn't matter who gives us results as long as we get them."

Leakey promises to improve services, tackle corruption and balance the country's books in the process. "There is cynicism that the bad guys are still in power, but they're not in power," he says. "Delivery of service is now in the hands of the professionals." To help Leakey with the colossal task ahead, Moi has created a kind of shadow ministry by appointing a small team of technocrats as permanent secretaries. As the latest episode in the two-man soap opera unfolds, Leakey and Moi insist their struggles are behind them. "I have little doubt that there will be a number of issues on which we will disagree," says Leakey. "Sometimes he will concede, and sometimes I will concede, but hopefully it will be a concession based on argument, not might." For the sake of the country, Kenyans hope the two can learn to get along. ■

The NBA Goes Courtin'

A Chinese seven-footer has American basketball scouts drooling. There's just one big problem

BY TIM NOONAN FUKUOKA



NBA SCOUTS HAVE LONG realized that there's one thing you can't teach even the most skilled basketball player—height. In search of verticality, the long arm of U.S. basketball recruiting has stretched out in the past two decades from Australia (the Phoenix Suns' 7-ft. 2-in. Luc Longley) to Yugoslavia (the Sacramento Kings' 7-ft. 1-in. Vlade Divac) and now, gingerly, to China. Wang Zhizhi—who shoots like a dream and dribbles pretty nimbly—has the one thing that NBA scouts know even four years of NCAA ball could never give him—7 ft. 1 in. Says Dale Brown, who tried unsuccessfully to lure him to Louisiana State: "Wang is ready for the NBA right now." And the NBA is very ready for Wang.

It isn't certain that the 22-year-old will be posting up against Shaq (7 ft. 1 in.) anytime soon, however. Wang is the starting center for the Bayi Rockets—the team of the People's Liberation Army—and even when he peels off his basketball doublet, he belongs to the army. In China, which is light-years away from NBA-style unions and agents, a team has almost total control over a player's rights. The P.L.A. would fight to keep him. He led the Rockets to five national championships. Says Dallas Mavericks assistant coach Donn Nelson, whose team tabbed Wang in this year's draft: "When we drafted him, we understood the challenges of getting him over to play."

Last month Nelson and Mavericks owner Ross Perot Jr. jetted to

Beijing to try to cajole the P.L.A. into letting Wang head west. It was a no go, though Nelson remains optimistic: "We didn't expect him to join us right away, but there is a strong possibility in the future." Wang seems eager. "I really enjoyed the game against the American Dream Team at the 1996 Olympics," he says (the U.S. won, 133-70). It's not only Wang's height that appeals to the NBA. U.S. basketball is already popular in China, and a Chinese player would boost that popularity to a new level. Says Mary Reiling Spencer, vice president and managing director for NBA Pacific: "It would be huge."

The NBA doesn't want to appear to be "poaching" China's best players. While a Chinese star would help ratings, a big indigenous basketball market may be even more important. And the Chinese want to win. They have hopes of a medal in Sydney next year. Though Beijing has permitted a few soccer players to work in Europe, its Sports Ministry keeps them mostly at home, training Soviet-style, for the next Olympics. China's free market does not yet extend to national treasures like Wang.

That's not slowing down American scouts, who gathered in Fukuoka, Japan, to check out some of the region's best dribblers. "The only country with more basketball talent than China is the U.S.," says Brown, the former L.S.U. coach. And among China's 1.3 billion people are plenty of tall, eager youngsters. "China has done a very good job of finding the size and cultivating it," says Dwane Casey, a Seattle SuperSonics assistant coach who has been scouting the region. Now the challenge is to get that size overseas. ■

WANG ZHIZHI



POSITION Center
HEIGHT 7 ft. 1 in. (2 m 16 cm)
WEIGHT 220 lbs. (99.8 kg)
BIRTH DATE July 8, 1977
BIRTHPLACE Beijing
FAVORITE PLAYER Hakeem Olajuwon
DRAFTED In July's second round by Dallas
CAREER HIGHLIGHTS Played for the Chinese national team in the 1996 Summer Olympics, averaging 11.1 points and 5.6 rebounds

PHANTOM SURPLUS

For all the screaming about spending and tax cuts, the truth is, the money's already gone

By NANCY GIBBS

THE GREAT AMERICAN BUDGET BATTLE, Washington's answer to professional wrestling, has officially begun, all roars and growls and theatrical blows to the head. This week Congress will send the President a \$792 billion tax-cut bill; he has promised to stomp on it. Clinton has pushed a \$300 billion spending program, including a new prescription-drug program for Medicare; congressional fists are already clenched. There is talk of grand ideological warfare, of reckless spendthrift Democrats and reckless plutocrat-loving Republicans fighting over how to divvy up the glorious \$3 trillion surplus. In this season's budget politics, much of the fight is phony. But that doesn't mean no one's going to get hurt.

The nastiest battles, where real blood may spill, are occurring in the committees of Congress that have to pass 13 spending bills by the end of the month to keep the government running. So far, only two have been sent to Clinton to sign; he has threatened to veto others if they gouge spending too deeply. But, if a \$3 trillion surplus is expected over the next 10 years, why would lawmakers be forced to gut programs like air-

traffic control and food inspection and counterterrorism? Because two years ago, they promised they would. The problem is the famous 1997 Balanced Budget Act, which balanced the budget only because Congress and the President agreed to cut the total amount of discretionary spending in future years, without having to say exactly what would be cut. Congress, like Wimpy, will gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today.

Well, the future is now, and the caps are giving everyone a blinding headache. If military spending merely keeps up with inflation, then every other government program will have to be cut 20% in the next two years. This would require, for instance, slicing \$16 billion this year from the huge, \$315 billion bill that covers health and education. Increasing Pentagon outlays, as both sides have promised to do, could require 50% cuts elsewhere. That's not going to happen. But the minute the lawmakers bust the caps, the surplus starts disappearing.

That's because when the bean counters

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Congress's \$792 billion tax-cutting package is stuffed with goodies for special business interests. A sampling:

MARTINI LUNCH

Bon appetit! Courtesy of the restaurant lobby and Rep. Jim McCrery (R., La.), business meals that are now 50% deductible would become 60% deductible by 2007.

THE COST

\$3.9 billion

R. & D. CREDIT

Backed by four Senators of both parties, the 20% research-and-development credit—a high-tech and pharmaceuticals favorite—would be extended five years.

THE COST

\$13.1 billion

ARMS EXPORT

Rep. Sam Johnson (R., Texas) would give defense contractors, like other companies, a 15% tax break on profits from foreign sales corporations.

THE COST

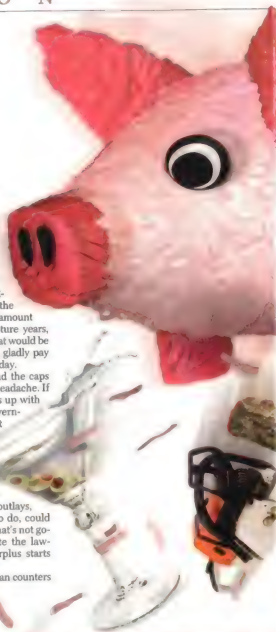
\$1.1 billion

SAPLING SUBSIDY

A provision inserted by Rep. Jennifer Dunn (R., Wash.) would give logging companies bigger tax breaks for replanting trees on company-owned lands.

THE COST

\$277 million





counted the beans and predicted there would be an extra \$1 trillion in 10 years, not counting Social Security revenues, it was assumed that lawmakers would obey the laws they had written and slash future spending by billions of dollars. If lawmakers bail, then there's less extra money to pay down the debt. Republican proposals so far, rather than cutting spending, would increase it next year about \$25 billion, which more than wipes out next year's projected \$14 billion surplus. The only place to find that money is to raise taxes (the White House still loves a tobacco tax) or raid Social Security, as lawmakers have routinely done for years.

But this time around, both sides have promised not to touch the Social Security surplus, which will run about \$147 billion next year. Republican leaders don't want to take the blame for scooping out an extra \$14 billion just to keep the government running—especially after conservatives got so angry with them when they did it in 1998. "This year, if spending means so much to him, the President will have to justify dipping into the Social Security trust fund," says John Czwartacki, spokesman for Senate majority leader Trent Lott.

The most interesting thing about the phantom surplus is that by every indication, voters don't think it really exists either. But that has not prevented politicians on both sides from trying to woo them with proposals that Washington can't pay for. Republicans fanned out during their August recess to try to rally public support for their tax cuts—*Please, let us give you more money!*—but the polls showed a public unmoved. Voters said they would rather use the money, if it exists, to pay down the \$5.6 trillion national debt. "People are genuinely fiscally conservative in this country," says Stephen Moore, an irrepressible supply-sider from the Cato Institute. Though personally he'd prefer deep tax cuts to spur growth, he finds in his travels that "a lot of people look at this mountain of debt and say,

'Gee, we really ought to start paying off the mortgage.' And the public really is onto this gambit of stealing from the trust funds."

Last week House Speaker Dennis Hastert and Lott acknowledged that the tax cut was dead for 1999. Unlike some G.O.P. moderates, Lott claimed he wasn't interested in a compromise—a little more spending for Clinton, a smaller tax cut for the G.O.P. Better to have the issue to take to voters next year. That suits most Democrats fine: Al Gore never misses a chance to denounce the G.O.P.'s "risky tax-cut scheme" and to promise that education and health care would have priority over tax cuts if the Democrats had their way. The only Democrat it may not suit is Clinton, for whom this budget is the last opportunity to get anything done that might count as a legacy.

But that leaves the immediate problem of the spending bills. Republicans who were around in 1995 are still spooked by Clinton's ability to put the blame on Congress if the government shuts down. So they are finding even more creative ways to slip programs over, under or around the caps. The census, which under the Constitution has occurred every 10 years since 1790, has been classified for 2000 as an emergency, along with at least \$25 billion in other programs, because the 1997 caps exempted emergency spending. That exemption was supposed to cover things like floods and hurricanes, but floods of red ink and bad press apparently count too.

None of the options are pretty. Lawmakers will probably pass a continuing resolution to keep the government running at least past the presidential primaries and hope that some extra money falls from the skies by next January, after economists have recalculated the surplus. And in the meantime, through the messy magic of democracy, the public actually gets what it wants: the President has to wait for new spending; the Republicans have to put off their tax cuts; and as the months roll by, any surplus that actually materializes goes into paying down the debt. It's enough to make the title "The Do-Nothing Congress" a badge of honor. —Reported by James Carney/Washington

GLOBAL INTEREST

Corporations could shelter more foreign income with a new formula for deducting interest costs devised by Reps. Rob Portman (R., Ohio) and Robert Matsui (D., Calif.).

THE COST

\$24 billion

CHICKEN WASTE

The poultry industry would get a tax credit, crafted by Sen. William Roth (R., Del.), for electricity generated by burning chicken manure.

THE COST

\$234 million

TACKLE-BOX BOON

An excise tax on fishing equipment would be dropped for tackle boxes, greatly benefiting the Plano Molding Co. in Speaker Hastert's Illinois district.

THE COST

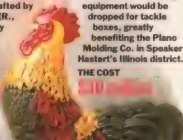
\$10 million

OIL & GAS GUSHER

Independent producers would improve their cash flow with a change in the way operating losses are calculated, thanks to Reps. Bill Thomas (R., Calif.) and Wes Watkins (R., Okla.).

THE COST

\$246 million



By ERIC POOLEY CRYSTAL CITY



"ERN-ESSSSS-TEEEEEEN!"

Bill Bradley has lost his wife. He calls her name while charging toward the church across the street from his childhood home in Crystal City, Mo., but Ernestine Schlant has vanished. She is trapped somewhere behind the electronic thicket—a mad bristling of boom mikes and long lenses, tape recorders and power packs, TV cameras shouldered by guys who look like defensive linemen gone to seed, all of them barreling hell-bent for Bradley.

Welcome to the official walking tour of Bradley's old hometown, where this morning he announced (again) what everyone already knew: that he is trying to snatch the Democratic nomination from Al Gore. Bradley should have called this the speed-walking tour. The lapsed Senator is really working those long, NBA-tested legs, partly because he feels good—his kickoff speech went well, close to 100 media types are covering him, and the latest polls put him just a few points behind Gore in New Hampshire—and partly because he has only half an hour before sunset, and he wants to lead us to the banks of the Mississippi before then. "I want you all to see the river the way I see the river," he says, letting the word roll out slowly, a promise of ineffable revelations to come. Events such as this, designed to show off a candidate's small-town heart, tend to feel like Hollywood location shoots—superimposed on a place. Bradley wants to prove he has a real connection to this one. But first he has to find his wife. "Ernestine!"

With her pixieish smile intact, Ernestine manages to dart out of the thicket and rejoin her husband. Now he can play tour guide—a mordant commentator who wants us to know he finds this ritual, like so many other campaign rituals, faintly ridiculous. "All right, well, this is the church," he says. "These trees are tulip trees. And as you can see, it's one of those great stone churches." He tells us how his father, a bank president who suffered from calcified arthritis of the spine, used to "sit and look out at this churchyard, and it gave him a sense of peace, because it was always green, and it was always peaceful, and it was, um, a wonderful place." He pauses for a beat. "O.K., that's the church. Now we'll see the bank."

And he's off, power walking across the churchyard with the cameramen jousting and stumbling behind. After a brief stop at the bank, he leads us to the edge of a vast, weed-choked parcel that for 100 years was home to a plate glass factory, Crystal City's economic *raison d'être*. The plant's 1990 closing sapped the town's strength, so an-

BRADLEY'S TW

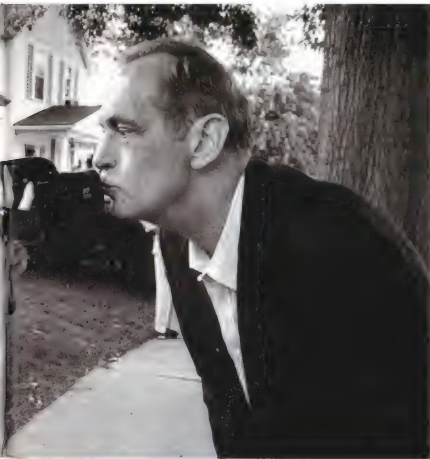
With his presidential bid picking up steam, "Dollar Bill"



Photographs for TIME by P.F. Bently

WILIGHT CRUISE

leads a mythopoeic tour of his old hometown



READY FOR HIS CLOSE-UP

Glassing a camera for his proud-as-steel work, Hardeman Ford

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Ernestine takes about his early career, anchored at Crystal City High

BIG RIVER

Last stop on the walking tour, the mighty Mississippi, a megalopolis and a wheel refuge



other politician might use the moment to rail against Corporations That Turn Their Backs on Our Communities. Bradley looks for poetry instead. The missing landmark "tells me life has unknown terms and change is all around us," he says, "and some things are not retrievable. They become memories."

With shadows deepening, we pile into tour buses and drive to the Little League field, where Bradley again breaks the rules of presidential horn blowing. Eddie Evans, a black player from his childhood team, is by his side, but Bradley doesn't talk about the times the team traveled to play-off games and he fought to get Evans served in segregated restaurants and hotels. Instead he tells about getting picked off first base during a play-off in Ottumwa, Iowa. His team was eliminated, "and ever since then," he says with a smirk, "I've dreamed of going back to Iowa and winning one."

The buses cruise past a field of beans—Bradley's farm—and pull into a lot beside the Mississippi. With the sun setting, the sky is etched with a calligraphy of pink clouds, their reflection a soft wash on the river surface. "Well, here it is," Bradley says with satisfaction. He describes boyhood rituals, times when he would "be still and listen to the wind in the cottonwood trees and watch the current carry what it had scoured from half a continent." He calls the river "a metaphor for democracy" and talks about the peace he finds here. We do our best to look meditative. "If you're quiet," he says, "even with this crowd, you can get a sense of the solitude." For Bradley, a reluctant celebrity since the age of 16, the river can be about connection one minute, blessed aloneness the next. He marches onto a floating dock and we follow, threatening to swamp the old planks. Ernestine panics. "Bill! I'll go with you! If we drown, we drown together!" To avert disaster, Bradley's people tell the media to go out in mini packs. An aide complains, "It's just a bunch of pencils"—reporters, not the cameras they want. This is, after all, about pretty pictures.

And pretty it is. Out on the dock, Ernestine shucks off her heels and dangles her feet in the water. Cameras click and whir; Bradley's people smile and nod. "It's just one of those places that touch me deeply," Bradley says. When the last mini-pack clambers off the dock, he turns to an aide and asks, "Is that it?"

That's it—we've seen everything except the shrine: the basketball hoop in Bradley's backyard, where young Bill worked on his shots until all hours. At the beginning of the tour, he mentioned it and said, "I'm sure you don't need to see that." He wouldn't want to be accused of exploiting his myth. Besides, in the morning he'll be holding a press conference underneath the basket. ■

Follow the Money

Bush wants failed schools to lose federal funding. As reforms go, good; but it's still just a baby step

By MATT MILLER LOS ANGELES



TO LISTEN TO THE HYPERVENTILATING that followed George W. Bush's maiden campaign speech on education the other day in Los Angeles, you'd think the Texas Governor had proposed something radical. "Dangerous," declared Education Secretary Richard Riley. "Risky," cried Sandra Feldman, president of the American Federation of Teachers. Al Gore seemed downright mad: "Bush wants to slam the door" on public schools, the Veep said, with a "back-door voucher plan."

Jeepers. All Bush said was that in a program that amounts to 2% of overall K-12 spending, some schools serving poor kids might, if three years of state tests show they really stink and aren't improving, see their federal (and some state) cash given instead to parents in \$1,500 chunks to use as they see fit. Forget whether the idea is sound or not: the one sure thing is, it's so modest that it won't accomplish much of anything.

That such small beer can set off a furor proves how ideologically hamstrung our schools debate has become. Still, if Bush's plan is largely symbolic, it's also sensible, offering coherent baby steps to lift the skills of America's neediest kids. Take his plan for Head Start, the popular preschool program that serves 850,000 disadvantaged children. While the 35-year-old program was meant to

close the achievement gap between poor and middle-class toddlers, researchers agree it has brought no lasting gains. Most say that's because Head Start has become more of a day-care service stressing health and nutrition, not literacy, as well as a jobs program for local mothers. It is true that kids can't learn unless they're healthy and well fed; but with no curriculum and loads of shoddy teachers, Head Start isn't living up to its potential.

Last year Congress nudged the program in the right direction, but the steps were meek: four-year-olds who know 10 letters of the alphabet, for example, are felt to be on track. Bush would require lessons that stress prereading and math, teachers who can teach this and evaluations to make sure it is done well. If existing centers don't deliver, Bush would sensibly make them compete with others for their federal contract.

BUSH ON HOW TO JUMP-START EDUCATION:

- Give \$1,500 to low-income parents to use for the school of their choice, if their public school doesn't improve within three years
- Focus Head Start on math and reading readiness, not just day care, nutrition and health
- Replace federal programs that don't show results

Bush's more controversial plan involves "Title I," which sends \$8 billion yearly to schools with poor kids. These grants can amount to \$150,000 for a typical 500-child school; they've usually been used for teacher's aides or special remedial classes, without great results. Reformers in both parties say the idea of holding schools accountable for progress is overdue. The prospect of being penalized by having the federal money rerouted directly to parents "gets the attention of educators and the bureaucracy," says Ray Cortines, a Democrat and former schools chief in New York City and San Francisco. If states feel pressured to avoid such embarrassment, Bush's plan could jumpstart reforms at troubled schools. And while the left loathes the idea of vouchers, some experts think Bush's notion that dollars should follow poor kids could be the first step toward better targeting Title I cash, which now gets unfairly diverted via political horse trading to schools in more affluent districts.

Still, on the first day of school at Coliseum Street Elementary in central Los Angeles last week, Bush's insistence that "no child should be left behind" seems to miss a larger point. Like many other poor urban schools, Coliseum is chronically short of textbooks, computers and supplies, not to mention experienced teachers. Many such schools spend less per pupil than schools in surrounding suburbs despite having more high-need kids. Bush knows this is wrong; he waged a worthy but losing fight in Texas to rejigger school funding in 1997. Thus far he's been mum about such injustice on the stump. Nor does he say that as Head Start improves, it will need cash to reach beyond the 40% of eligible preschoolers it now serves, most in part-day, part-year programs that don't

fit the needs of working mothers. Even Bush's plan to make Title I funds "portable" after three years is too cheap: \$1,500 barely covers tuition at some parochial schools and is not enough to test the voucher idea. Little wonder that with all the burdens facing poor schools, word that the C.O.P. front runner wants to take away Title I money feels like another slap. "It irritates us," says Coliseum principal Zoe Jefferson of the pols. "They come up with solutions that sound easy to sell in one-liners."

In Bedford, N.H., Bush takes the pledge with students



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OSPREY'S DEBUT Bell's V-22 landed at the Pentagon last week

parent culprit. According to a lengthy list of snafus detailed in the official probe, the Marines accuse Bell of allowing the helicopter to take off even though the Pentagon had ordered it grounded because of five urgent safety problems. Two of the five requested fixes were designed to prevent a loss of engine power, which investigators for the families believe caused the crash. The report concluded that the Cobra should never have taken off until these and other repairs had been made. Bell has shed little light on the tragedy. After conferring with Bell lawyers, eight of the nine employees questioned about their work on the helicopter changed their statements to shift responsibility away from their company. (Bell, citing a suit filed by the pilots' families, declined to comment on the case.)

Yet despite Bell's actions, the Marines have done nothing—not even scolded the company. A Pentagon official, trying to explain the Marines' passive treatment of Bell, says the company exerts a strong "gravitational pull" on the service. Bell reaps 95% of the Marines' spending on helicopters each year, or more than \$1 billion. More critically, some Pentagon officials suggest that the Marines don't want the crash to jeopardize Bell's \$36 billion V-22 program. That Marine "tilt-rotor" aircraft, which takes off and lands like a helicopter and cruises like a turboprop airplane, is on the verge of lifting off after more than a decade of troubled development.

Last week the first of 458 V-22 Ospreys finally landed in the Pentagon's front yard, greeted by Pentagon brass and the Marine Band. But the program has had powerful critics from the start. The Bush Administration tried to kill it, saying its \$79 million-a-copy price tag was too steep. The Army has refused to buy the Osprey, citing its cost.

A Crash and a Collusion?

A defense contractor may have escaped punishment because the Marines depend on it too much

By MARK THOMPSON WASHINGTON

LIKE A MOTORIST PICKING UP HIS CAR from the repair shop, the two Marine pilots expected their Bell AH-1 Cobra to be running smoothly when they went to retrieve it. After all, the two-man gunship had been in the Fort Worth, Texas, factory nearly a year for a \$1.8 million overhaul. But Major Michael Browne and 1st Lieut. Robert Straw found enough problems with the chopper to delay their departure a day. Then, 20 minutes after they took off in the late afternoon of May 23, 1997, they were killed when their aircraft plunged into a field 15 miles southeast of Dallas.

Four days later—the day after Memorial Day—their North Carolina unit's Marines gathered in their chapel at New Riv-

er air station. "Semper Fidelis," they intoned solemnly before 700 mourners. "We will never forget you." But despite the service's long and treasured tradition of mutual trust and fierce loyalty, forgetting their men is precisely what the Marines seem to have done in this case.

Browne and Straw, with 2,500 hrs. of flawless flying between them, spent the final seconds of their life steering their Cobra away from a school as its twin engines sputtered, slowing its rotor blades nearly to a halt. Upon impact, the aircraft exploded into a 1,500' F fireball, fed by 300 gal. of jet fuel. The conflagration destroyed the helicopter, making it impossible to determine the cause of the crash.

But the Marine investigation into the accident, obtained by TIME, points to an ap-



TWO COBRA DEATHS

An AH-1 gunship like the one above plunged into a Texas field shortly after it underwent a lengthy overhaul at the Bell factory in Fort Worth



COURTESY THE STRAW FAMILY

CO-PILOTS Straw, 20, left, with daughter Mollie, was in the Cobra's front seat. Son Seth was born four months after the crash. Browne, 33, right, with wife Lynn and daughters Crystal and Tiffany



PHOTO BY MICHAEL GOODMAN

Pentagon officials acknowledge that the Cobra's crash—and Bell's role in it—could complicate the Marines' efforts to keep buying V-22s because of doubts it might raise about Bell. "If the Marines come down hard on Bell, the whole program could be called into question," says Lawrence Korb, who oversaw Pentagon logistics and personnel during the Reagan Administration.

The families of the dead aviators agree. "There's a coziness and collusion between the Marines and Bell because of the Marines' reliance on Bell," says William Straw, father of the 29-year-old Marine pilot killed in the Texas crash. The Straw family knows something about military aviation. William, a 1967 graduate of the Air Force Academy and a former test pilot, won the Distinguished Flying Cross for piloting a C-130 cargo plane through bad weather and enemy fire to resupply a beleaguered U.S. outpost in Vietnam. Both of Robert's grandfathers won that decoration in World War II. James Browne, whose son Michael, 33, perished in the Cobra's backseat, also believes the Marines' dependence on Bell has thwarted justice. "I am very disappointed in how the Marines have treated my family."

The Marines see their behavior differently. "The Marine Corps shares your grief and frustration," General T.R. Duke, the assistant commandant, wrote the Browne family last month. Yet the service has taken no action against Bell, the Marines argue, because the corps can't pinpoint the cause of the crash and therefore the responsibility for it cannot be established.

Bell and the Army, which inspects Bell's work at the plant, have blamed each other for the problems exposed in the Marine probe. "Ultimately it's [the Army's] decision to do them or not," a Bell official said of the safety fixes. "This is not our aircraft." But the Marine inquiry said Bell was "contractually responsible" for providing the crew with a safe aircraft. The Army major in charge of monitoring Bell's work concurred. "Bell is the one responsible for wrench turning," he told Marine investigators, "and for the inspection of all that."

Now the Marines are strangely revising their own findings. Last week an officer speaking on behalf of the corps told TIME that it believes pilot error caused the crash because the crew failed to glide the chopper safely to the ground with its unpowered but spinning rotor blades. That is a startling assertion, given that the official investigation contained no hint that the crew members' actions contributed to their death. It seems the Marine credo—"The risk of death has always been preferable to letting a fellow Marine down"—may have been set aside in this case. ■

Will Pat Stay Put?

If Buchanan bolts the G.O.P., it's bad news for Bush. So he's sending love signals and a warning or two

GEORGE W. BUSH HAS EVERY REASON to hate Pat Buchanan. After all, the pundit turned candidate savaged the Texas Governor's father in '92, when Buchanan challenged President Bush for the G.O.P. nomination, labeling him "King George." And Buchanan has attacked the younger Bush on everything from free trade to abortion, referring to him as the "prince."

But Bush has put aside any resentments. He has even launched a charm offensive, telling insiders he admires Buchanan's common touch and thinks of him as the rival he would most like to go fishing with. Why make nice? Buchanan may bolt the G.O.P. to

"He's frozen out of the Republican Party. We'll give him an incredible forum."

That's the fear stalking the Bush camp. A private poll conducted last week by G.O.P. consultant Frank Luntz showed Buchanan drawing 6% in a match-up with Bush and Al Gore—with Buchanan taking two-thirds of his support from Bush voters. But an independent Buchanan run could hurt Gore too. "If he runs as a social conservative, it's going to help the Democrats," says Democratic stalwart James Carville. "If he runs as an economic nationalist, it's going to hurt the Democrats. And if he runs as an anti-Washington outsider, it's probably a wash."

It is unclear whether Buchanan could even get the Reform nomination. Bush allies argue privately to Buchanan that the party is a snake pit of jealousies between Ventura and Perot that would sink his candidacy, and they have warned that if he leaves the G.O.P., he can never come back. According to a Bush ally, "We told Pat, 'Lose the [Reform] nomination, and you're a man without a country.'" The Bush camp has also argued that Ventura will use his power as Reform's ranking officeholder to thwart Buchanan's bid. Last week, they got help with this idea when Ventura told the congressional paper *The Hill* that New York City mogul Donald Trump is "a serious candidate" for President on the Reform ticket. A Ventura ally admits the Governor is wary of Buchanan because of his hard-right stand on social issues and his anti-free-trade views, but, he says, "he doesn't feel that it is his role to recruit a presidential candidate to challenge Pat." As for Perot, friends say he does not plan to run and thinks Buchanan would be good for Reform.

All this must fuel Buchanan's ego. "Pitchfork Pat," as his supporters call him, is proving to be the leading annoyance to patrician politicians named George Bush. If he stymies W.'s aspirations the way he hindered his old man, don't count on the "love" to linger. —By Matthew Cooper and James Carney/Washington

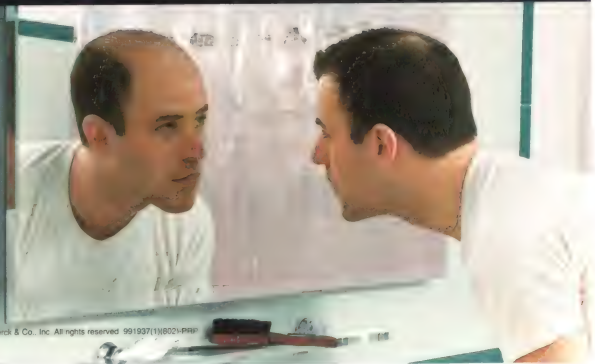


PAT THE POPULIST: Anti-free trade, he could draw Democrats. But on social issues he could take conservatives from Bush

run for President on the ticket of Ross Perot and Jesse Ventura's Reform Party—a move that could come within a few weeks and give Buchanan the leverage to take votes from Bush in the general election. When Bush aides met last week in Austin, Texas, high on the agenda was how to make Buchanan feel wanted in the G.O.P. A senior adviser told TIME, "We're surrounding him with love."

Despite what the Beatles said, love is not all Bush needs. Insiders say Buchanan, who made a splash early in the '92 and '96 races and then quickly ran out of money, has been persuaded that the Reform Party, with its access to state ballots and millions of dollars in federal matching funds, can finally be the platform for his nationalist and anti-free-trade arguments and his anti-Washington populism. "My gut tells me he's going to make the shift," says Pat Choate, Perot's '96 running mate, who behind the scenes has been urging Buchanan to quit the G.O.P.

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You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA.

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What is PROPECIA used for?

PROPECIA is used for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid-scalp area.

PROPECIA is for use by MEN ONLY and should NOT be used by women or children.

What is male pattern hair loss?

Male pattern hair loss is a common condition in which men experience thinning of the hair on the scalp. Often, the results in a receding hairline and/or balding on the top of the head. These changes typically begin gradually in men in their 20s.

Doctors believe male pattern hair loss is due to heredity and is dependent on hormonal effects. Doctors refer to this type of hair loss as androgenetic alopecia.

Results of clinical studies:

For 12 months, doctors studied over 1800 men aged 18 to 61 with mild to moderate amounts of ongoing hair loss. All men, whether receiving PROPECIA or placebo (a pill containing no medication) were given a medicated shampoo (Neutrogena T/Gel[®] Shampoo). Of these men, approximately 1200 with hair loss at the top of the head were studied for an additional 12 months. In general, men who took PROPECIA maintained or increased the number of visible scalp hairs and noted improvement in their hair in the first year, with the effect maintained in the second year. Hair counts in men who did not take PROPECIA continued to decrease.

In one study, patients were questioned on the growth of body hair. PROPECIA did not appear to affect hair in places other than the scalp.

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For most men, PROPECIA increases the number of scalp hairs, helping to fill in thin or balding areas of the scalp. Men taking PROPECIA noted a slowing of hair loss during two years of use. Although results will vary, generally you will not be able to grow back all of the hair you have lost. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works in the treatment of receding hairline in the temporal area on both sides of the head.

Male pattern hair loss occurs gradually over time. On average, hair grows only about half an inch each month. Therefore, it will take time to see any effect.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more before you see a benefit from taking PROPECIA. PROPECIA can only work over the long term if you continue taking it. If the drug has not worked for you in twelve months, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit. If you stop taking PROPECIA, you will likely lose the hair you have gained within 12 months of stopping treatment. You should discuss this with your doctor.

How should I take PROPECIA?

Follow your doctor's instructions.

- Take one tablet by mouth each day.
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Patient Information about PROPECIA[®]

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- Women who are or may potentially be pregnant:
 - must not use PROPECIA
 - should not handle crushed or broken tablets of PROPECIA

If a woman who is pregnant with a male baby absorbs the active ingredient in PROPECIA, either by swallowing or through the skin, it may cause abnormalities of a male baby's sex organs. If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROPECIA, a doctor should be consulted. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

What are the possible side effects of PROPECIA?

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. In clinical studies, side effects from PROPECIA were uncommon and did not affect most men. A small number of men experienced certain sexual side effects. These men reported one or more of the following: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 1% of men. These side effects went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men who continued taking PROPECIA.

In general use, the following have been reported infrequently: allergic reactions including rash, itching, hives and swelling of the lips and face; problems with ejaculation, breast tenderness and enlargement, and testicular pain.

Tell your doctor promptly about these or any other unusual side effects.

PROPECIA can affect a blood test called PSA (Prostate-Specific Antigen) for the screening of prostate cancer. If you have a PSA test done, you should tell your doctor that you are taking PROPECIA.

Storage and handling:

Keep PROPECIA in the original container and keep the container closed. Store it in a dry place at room temperature. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

Do not give your PROPECIA tablets to anyone else. It has been prescribed only for you. Keep PROPECIA and all medications out of the reach of children.

THIS LEAFLET PROVIDES A SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT PROPECIA. IF AFTER READING THIS LEAFLET YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR ARE NOT SURE ABOUT ANYTHING, ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

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Margaret Carlson

Sexual Harassment, Chapter 999

This time the accused is Max Baucus. Do we know when to care anymore?

CLINTON, EVEN BEFORE "FATIGUE" WAS ATTACHED TO HIS name, had ruined many things for me: running shorts, McDonald's, whitewater, anything in navy from the Gap. Now he's gone and taken all the appeal out of that journalistic treasure house: a sexual-harassment charge against a prominent politician.

Last week my blood just didn't race in that Paula Jones way when *Roll Call* ran the story that Montana Senator Max Baucus, 57 and married, had fired his chief of staff, Christine Niedermeier, 47 and not married, under contested circumstances. He said it was because of staff complaints that she was a lousy manager who was causing staff defections. She said (and only reluctantly when she realized there was going to be a story critical of her) that it was because she had asked him to stop making sexual advances. He then said she was making that up to divert attention from her bad performance and that he had a petition signed by 36 staff members attesting to it. She then contended he had trumped up the management excuse—and produced the petition—after he got unjustifiably concerned that she was going to go public with her accusations. Baucus has denied making any such advances and says he wants her to present her case in court under oath. She hasn't decided whether to go further because Senate procedure requires that she first exhaust her administrative remedies on his playing field, where the Senate provides him with counsel.

As the statements and counterstatements piled ever higher, I wondered if there was a thong or late-night pizza in the stack somewhere, a grope in a private study while a head of state was arriving for dinner or, better yet, some tapes, preferably of phone sex. It's going to take a lot to engage a jaded, sated public in yet another one of these cases, exhausted as we are by years of Clinton scandals and the sexual-harassment suit of the century, which came to resemble an Italian opera. Everyone is dead at the end.

But the Jones case didn't just drain our collective attention span. It alerted us to just how much the law of sexual harassment had expanded over the past decade. We moved from a time when a boss asking a woman to get the coffee or meet him in the file closet was neither a cause nor a cause of action, to a time when one pass or one bad joke is enough for a lawsuit. Plaintiffs can go on fishing expeditions so extensive that consensual affairs are fair game and totally innocent bystanders can be subpoenaed to prove that they

were promoted on merit and not because they slept with the boss. Many corporations are adopting protective policies designed to cleanse the workplace of any sex, in hopes of preventing the actionable kind. Power is presumed to contaminate all workplace relationships. That means someone in an inferior position is thought incapable of freely agreeing to one, and an executive who wants to get involved with an underling does so at his peril.

Since work is where we spend most of our time and where many of us meet our spouses, you have to wonder whether all this regulation isn't threatening the propagation of the species. Other freedoms, like speech and association, were getting shortchanged in the rush to protect women from sexual harassment. Almost everyone was alarmed when one guy was fired for repeating a *Seinfeld* joke at the water cooler.

Feminists did not realize how much the law had tilted in favor of the victims until they found themselves on the side of the accused. Many were in the disingenuous position of arguing that Paula Jones really didn't have anything to complain about when asked to "kiss it" but that Anita Hill just a few years earlier deserved our wholehearted concern.

I knew the public had just had it with the he-said, she-said battles when Juanita Broaddrick gave interviews last year in which she said that then Governor Bill Clinton had forced himself on her, and the controversy lasted barely 1½ news cycles. But even as I see the word quagmire forming in my brain, I realize we can't abandon the field. As a former Connecticut state legislator and two-time Democratic nominee for Congress, Niedermeier can probably take care of herself. But

there are plenty of women out there with fewer resources who can't.

Just last week the women at two Ford Motor Co. plants finally got the firm to acknowledge that life for them had been hellish—that they should no longer be subjected to obscene graffiti, verbal and physical abuse and retaliation for complaining about it. In a settlement, Ford agreed to pay them nearly \$8 million and to ensure that three years from now, 30% of its supervisors will be women. So just because we're tired of Clinton doesn't mean we should tire of the cause. Boredom shouldn't make us forget that bad things still happen to good women. ■



Baucus, right, is accused of harassment by ex-chief of staff Niedermeier







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B U S I N E S S

A MEDIA GIANT

Buttoned-up CBS and snazzy Viacom seem like a perfect match. Can the same be said for the two men who will run the \$70 billion colossus?



Mel Karmazin, 56, put himself through Pace University while working full time. He got the top spot at CBS less than two years after joining the company in 1997

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

CBS CEO MEL KARMAZIN, 56, WEARING A NAVY blue suit, white shirt and red tie, wants you to believe. And when this former radio-advertising salesman who worked his way through Pace College tells you he didn't need to make this \$70 billion deal to merge CBS with Viacom, for a moment you actually believe him. It's the way he leans into what he says and his disarming, wide-toothed smile and how hard he works to make you like him. That's how he does it. And in part, that's how he got to this corner-office suite with the view of Rockefeller Center—the former digs of legendary CBS founder William Paley as well as Karmazin's predecessor, Michael H. Jordan—and why, when Viacom completes its acquisition of CBS, he will be running the day-to-day operations of the newly minted media giant.

He'll also be the first to remind you that there's another reason he got here: because he delivers. "Wherever I've been, it was always about the shareholder, never about Mel," says Karmazin, folding his arms together over a mahogany conference table. "When you're a publicly traded company, your responsibility is to shareholders, employees, advertisers. It didn't matter if I was going to enjoy this deal or not. We didn't need this deal. CBS was a great company with terrific cash flow without Viacom." And Viacom, as company CEO Sumner Redstone will tell you, was doing just fine on its own, with \$12.1 billion in 1998 revenue. The spry Redstone, 76, might also point

out to you—and you too, Mel—that he will still hold the top job and isn't planning on going anywhere soon.

But last week the opportunity to pair the largely fuddy-duddy CBS assets—broadcast television, radio and outdoor advertising—with Viacom's hipper, younger, cable and movie-studio properties—MTV, VH-1, Nickelodeon and Paramount Pictures—was a deal too good for Karmazin not to persuade Redstone to believe in. "Look, we didn't need a studio," Karmazin says, smiling. "But nobody in the world can tell me it's a bad idea to have one."

That seems to be the thinking in media-company headquarters these days, in a landscape where to stand alone is to stand in a hole. "The reason you're seeing so much anxiety everywhere else is that everyone else wishes they'd done it," says Howard Stringer, CEO of Sony Corp. of America, a record company and movie studio that still lacks a broadcast network.

So in this case don't believe what Karmazin is saying. Believe what he's doing. CBS needed to make this deal. It makes sense. Relaxed

CBS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; KARMAZIN: G. KATZ/REUTERS; ZUMA PRESS; REDSTONE: A. LACAPRA/OUTLINE; PARAMOUNT: JAMES H. HARRIS



Sumner Redstone, 76, grew up in a Boston tenement. He earned bachelor's and law degrees from Harvard, and took over Viacom in 1987 at age 64

Photo-illustration for TIME by Aaron Goodman



The ad salesman's big close: Karmazin got his start in radio

regulations make it possible for a company to own both a TV network and a studio that creates its content. And until August, companies could own only one TV station in a market; now they can own two. This change sparked a new round of merger negotiations.

The new Viacom comprises a panoply of media, ranging from talk radio to roadside billboards and including just about anything and everything that can carry or broadcast an advertisement. That's what has Wall Street applauding the deal. "It will be a one-stop shop," says PaineWebber analyst Chris Dixon. "Ad buyers can come to them for TV time, billboards, radio ads." CBS has also developed a significant Internet presence. That kind of concentration will give Viacom pricing power too. Dixon, like most analysts, forecasts 18% to 20% increases in cash flow

to \$5 billion in 1999, and combined revenues above \$20 billion. Both CBS's and Viacom's stock rose on the news, finishing the week at \$51.81 and \$47.19 respectively. "It's just perfect," says Merrill Lynch analyst Jessica Reif Cohen. "It gives them all the key assets they need."

Those assets include household names like CBS, Paramount, MTV, VH-1 and Nickelodeon in addition to properties such as UPN, TNN, Showtime, Simon & Schuster publishing and others, giving the company cradle-to-grave demographics. For example, CBS draws the 50-plus crowd, which will be more than offset by Nickelodeon's and MTV's decisively Gen Y and younger constituency. "My kids will respect me more because I'm involved with a channel [MTV] they actually watch," says CBS president Leslie Moonves.

Several factors determine the strategy and tactics of the eyeball biz. First, the economics of recession-proofing a media business: ad revenue tends to decrease in business-cycle downturns, while movie-theater ticket sales increase. Second, the marketing possibilities of leveraging between brands and media: for example, network promos plugging websites; TV shows syndicated to sister stations. And with broadband Internet access looming, media companies feel compelled to lock up as much brand-name content and distribution as possible so they will have product and expertise ready for the digital age. "In order for these big companies to stay competitive, they have to do that," says producer Jerry Bruckheimer. "Warner has had success with the WB, Fox has their network, and now Paramount has theirs."

TIME WARNER, PARENT COMPANY of TIME, is currently the biggest media company in the world, with assets including cable, broadcast, a movie studio, book publishing, a magazine division and the fledgling WB network. And the Viacom-CBS deal has again piqued the longstanding yearning of Time Warner vice chairman Ted Turner (who once made a run at CBS) to buy NBC, the only major network not affiliated with a Hollywood studio. That's not likely to happen, since Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin seems satisfied with the WB and the company's collection of cable networks.

Karmazin hasn't been completely satisfied with CBS since he's been there, which is one reason he went to see Redstone in his Broadway offices in early August. "The fact that he had me come over to his office means he didn't think any deal was going to happen," says Karmazin, noting that real negotiations take place on neutral turf. But after getting reacquainted with Redstone and discussing a swap of some stations, Karmazin says he began to realize that a bigger deal might be possible.

Redstone believes Karmazin knew from the first week of August that he wanted to somehow put the two companies together. Redstone wasn't interested. "I canceled three appointments because I was so busy," he says. "I didn't think it could be anything this big. But he seduced me."

When Redstone shifted the talks to a hotel suite, a more appropriate setting for a seduction, Karmazin knew things were getting serious. He pointed out to Redstone that the two companies already had great working relationships among CBS's extensive radio network and Viacom's MTV and VH-1. "Sumner said to me, 'You've been stalking my company for a long time; come



THE CBS-VIACOM MERGER

over and talk to me about CBS." Karmazin approached his talk with Redstone as if he were a prospective investor, highlighting CBS's strong network of affiliates and its prime radio stations and outdoor-advertising assets and reminding Redstone of talent such as Howard Stern, Don Imus and David Letterman.

The two men agreed that if any deal were to happen, it would be a merger of equals, although Viacom is clearly the acquiring party. "I had always thought of CBS as a network," says Redstone. "But it's much more than that." Redstone saw a good fit. CBS was strong domestically; Viacom was growing fast internationally. And shareholders had long expressed concerns that Redstone, who remains in fine fettle, had no clear successor. Karmazin, a darling on Wall Street for driving up the stock price of CBS, and of Infinity Broadcasting before that, would neatly resolve that issue.

During late-night negotiations at Karmazin's \$11.4 million Trump Tower condo, the two men found common ground. Both were self-made entrepreneurs who prided themselves on rising from modest means to head powerful companies. "Sumner and I have parallel interests," says Karmazin. Says Redstone: "I insisted that Mel come along."

But will these two media chieftains get along? Karmazin, who went to CBS when his Infinity Broadcasting was acquired by that company in 1996, has been known to depose long-standing corporate kings, while Redstone has a scalp collection any corporate warrior would be proud to own. Recent additions include those of his top lieutenants, deputy chairmen Philippe Dauman and Thomas Dooley, who got the blade (and a pile of money) as soon as the CBS deal was concluded.

It took Karmazin less than two years after arriving at CBS to replace CEO Jordan and move into his office suite. Karmazin's business strategy has been bluntly effective: pay top dollar for what he calls "ocean-front property"—prime stations in major markets, celebrities like Stern and Imus, the rights to the NFL—and then look to recoup the money by slashing administrative and staffing costs and running the tightest of ships.

Karmazin and Redstone are kindred spirits, says Frank Biondi, who was Redstone's No. 2 before a controversial ouster in 1996 and who knows Karmazin. "They're both devoted to the business—it's about 99% of their lives. They're just going to have to work out the yins and yangs." Says Viacom Entertainment Group chairman Jonathan Dolgen: "They share the

"I'm at the Top of My Game"

SUMNER REDSTONE HAS DONE HIS LAST BIG DEAL. PROBABLY. THIS YEAR ANYWAY. Oh, heck, at least before our next issue hits the stands. That seems safe. He keeps saying he's done, hedging ever so slightly, and then proving himself wrong. It's either a rare lapse of vision for this self-made billionaire or the grandest ongoing head fake in the entertainment industry.

"Am I done now?" he asks rhetorically. "I can't see any deal on the horizon that approaches the implications for future growth at Viacom [that the] CBS [deal does]. But, of course, nothing is certain." That's the same basic message that Redstone, Viacom's CEO and controlling shareholder, delivered in the wake of his \$10 billion acquisition of Paramount Communications in 1994—a stunning deal in its day, one that kept Redstone busy for the next four years selling pieces of Martin Davis' empire to pay down a heaping pile of debt. Last year, when I spoke with Redstone for a book I was writing, he reiterated his view that the entertainment world had consolidated about as much as it would for a while.

Then he goes and plunks down \$36 bil for CBS. What changed? Better to ask what didn't change, and the answer is that at age 76, Redstone, whose heart rate is lower than that of many pro athletes, remains a driven dealmaker obsessed with staying ahead of the pack. CBS chief Mel Karmazin may have "seduced" Redstone into this merger, as both sides note. But Redstone was looking for love. He almost always is.

Redstone hails from tenements on Boston's west side. His father was a small-time entrepreneur who opened one of the first drive-in theaters in the country in the 1930s. Redstone had the same scrappiness and a Harvard education, and turned a drive-in into a bustling movie-house company called National Amusements, which grew to 1,200 theaters. He is often credited with inventing the concept of the multiplex. Something of a late bloomer, Redstone didn't hit the big time until 1987, when at age 64 he put virtually all the assets of his company at risk in a bidding war that won Viacom, then a cable company, for \$3.4 billion. Ironically, Viacom had been split off from CBS 16 years earlier as a syndicator of TV shows and movies.

Redstone has always taken big risks. The Paramount bidding went \$2 billion higher than his target, but he spent the money anyway. He now says he'd never burden Viacom like that again and notes that the CBS deal, a stock swap, was done without paying a premium or adding debt.

And CBS has Karmazin, a shareholder-first kind of guy, like Redstone—and one reason Redstone could dump his own team. He praises Karmazin's "easy, nonarrogant" style and bristles at the notion that he can't work with a strong No. 2. "There's only one time it didn't work out," he says, referring to former heir apparent Frank Biondi.

That doesn't mean Karmazin will necessarily get Redstone's job down the line. "This was not a decision on succession," Redstone says, making it clear that with a majority of Viacom's voting stock and a personal stake in the company worth \$9.3 billion, he remains firmly in charge. "I love what I'm doing. I really think I'm at the top of my game." If you're Karmazin eyeing the corner office, that should give you pause. And if you're a media company, it's probably time to stop going for that head fake. —By Daniel Keefe



Redstone is finished with deals—until the next one



STORY CONTINUES AFTER GRAPHIC →



WORLD OF THE MEDIA GIANTS

Viacom's deal to purchase CBS is the latest in a wave of mergers that have created large companies with assets spread across many media: television, film, print and music

Media Companies	Time Warner	Walt Disney	Viacom/CBS	News Corp.	Seagram	Sony	GE
Total Revenues	\$26.8 billion	\$22.9 billion	\$18.9 billion	\$13.6 billion	\$12.3 billion	\$56.6 billion	\$100.5 billion
Where the Revenues Come From	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Movies and TV: 30% Cable Prog.: 20% Broadcasting: 17% Music: 15% Broadcasting: 1% Other: 17% 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Creative includes movies, TV, music: 45% Broadcasting and Cable Prog.: 31% Theme Parks: 24% 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Broadcasting: 33% Movies and TV: 25% Cable Prog.: 17% Publishing: 3% Theme Parks: 2% Other: 20% 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Publishing: 35% Movies and TV: 32% Broadcasting and Cable Prog.: 28% Other: 5% 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Music: 31% Movies and TV: 24% Recreation: 7% Other: 38% 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Games: 11% Music: 11% Movies and TV: 8% Other includes from electronics sales: 70% 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Broadcasting and Cable Prog.: 5% Other includes from financial services: 95%



■ Broadcasting



■ Cable Programming

The WB Network	ABC-TV and ABC Radio, 10 TV and 30 radio stations	CBS, Infinity Radio (163 stations), 34 TV stations, UPN (50%)	Fox, 15 TV stations, BSkyB, Star TV	Nose	Nose	NBC, 13 TV stations
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> HBO, TNT, TBS, CNN, CNNI, CHNSI, Cinemax 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ESPN, Disney Channel, A&E, E!, Lifetime 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> MTV, TNN, Nickelodeon, Showtime 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Fox News, Fox Sports, Fox Family Channel 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> USA Networks (45%) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Game Show Network 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> CHBC, MSNBC (with Microsoft)



Movie and TV Studios



Warner Bros.,
New Line Cinema,
Hanna-Barbera,
Castle Rock

Miramax, Walt
Disney Pictures,
Touchstone,
Hollywood

Paramount
Pictures,
Paramount TV,
Spelling, Viacom

20th Century Fox,
Fox Animation,
Searchlight

Universal Pictures,
Universal
Television,
Universal Cartoon
Studios

None

TIME PEOPLE,
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
FORTUNE, 28 other
magazines, Warner
Books, Little Brown

Hyperion, ESPN
Magazine

**Simon &
Schuster**

The Times, New
York Post,
HarperCollins,
Weekly Standard

None

None

Warner Bros.,
Records, Atlantic,
Elektra, Sire,
Rhino

Walt Disney
Records, MCA,
Lyric
Street

Famous Music
Publishing

Mushroom
Records

**Columbia, Epic,
S50 Music,
Sony Classical,
Nashville,
C2 Records**

None

Atlanta Braves,
Atlanta Hawks,
World
Championship
Wrestling

Parks in Florida,
California, France,
Japan; cruise line;
Anaheim Angels
and Mighty Ducks

Five Paramount
parks

Los Angeles
Dodgers, National
Hockey League
(Australia)

Sony PlayStation
and related
software

None

Time Warner Cable
(distribution),
Road Runner
(high-speed online
service)

Disney Stores, Go
Network Internet
portal

Blockbuster
Video, outdoor
advertising, Red
Rocket online toy
store, SportLine

Ansett Australia
airline

Electronics,
Insurance, Sony
Theaters

Appliances,
aircraft engines,
power systems,
industrial
products, plastics

Scouting Report

Gerald Levin was faulted for buying cable systems, but that proved a smart bet. Only thing missing is a major network, and co-owner lus after lus. But Levin, with the WP an cable nets, isn't eager to overpay.

So much for synergy. The ABC-Disney combo so far has been a bust. And while Michael Eisner hopes to remedy things by selling off magazines and networks, he can't afford to. Bottom line: he's yet to regain their smile.

Seems like a perfect match: the youngsters who watch MTV meet the geezers who prefer 60 Minutes, all packaged as one-stop shopping for advertisers. But cross-media selling is still unproven.

Rupert Murdoch is the only media mogul who can claim a truly global empire. With satellites hovering pretty much everywhere, he can broadcast all kinds of programs. The Fox network and studio are hot, even if his Dodgers are not.

Edgar Bronfman, Jr. is betting the farm on music. After paying \$1.0 billion for Polygram, he has the second-largest record company. He can support debt and a bleeding balance sheet. A growing theme park will help carry the load.

While America's media giants talk about the digital future, Sony is already making it happen. Selling millions of video gamers worldwide with its PlayStation and the promise of its sequel to come next year.

The peacock was ruled by the Viacom deal is now the only TV network to create original programming. For now, NBC is looking to expand its reach by possibly taking a 32% stake in Pax Communications.

Leadership

Gerald Levin
Chairman and CEO

Michael Eisner
Chairman and CEO

Sumner Redstone
Chairman and CEO

Rupert Murdoch
Chairman and CEO

Edgar Bronfman Jr.
President and CEO

Nobuyuki Idei
President and CEO

John F. Welch
Chairman and CEO



BYRON J. LARSEN
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MANAGEMENT ADVISORY BOARD
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THE CBS-VIACOM MERGER

same basic work ethic, which is: There are only seven workdays in the week."

Yet these kindred spirits brought in no-nonsense lawyers. Redstone retained control of the majority of the class-A voting shares, and thus the company. Karmazin can't be fired unless 14 of 18 board members vote against him—and he gets to select eight of them. "I wouldn't have done this deal without keeping [voting] control," says Redstone. Should Redstone step down, or die, in the next three years, Karmazin becomes CEO.

Redstone has said he fully intends to be CEO when Karmazin's current contract expires. "Look, Sumner Redstone is one of the four or five corporate geniuses," says radio icon and longtime Karmazin friend Don Imus. "And Mel is in that class with Rupert, Ted and Eisner. We'll see what sort of relationship they have."

Certainly there are other potential pitfalls for this deal, including considerable regulatory hurdles. Under current law, one company can't own two networks. That might cause Viacom to divest its half-share of the struggling UPN. Turf battles will arise between the bosses who head the various jewels in the Viacom empire, as well as in

areas in which there are duplicate functions—the new company has three syndication arms, as well as three prime-time television-show suppliers.

For television viewers, the merger should result in an explosion of cross promotions. Don't be surprised to see plugs for NFL football on MTV or specials about upcoming Paramount pictures airing on CBS. Hollywood producers fret that corporate priorities could distort programming decisions. "This can stifle creativity," says Brad Grey, chairman of management firm Brillstein-Grey and producer of HBO's *The Sopranos*. "These large companies want to put their own shows on the air first and foremost."

Additionally, there are greater concerns that if too much media power aggregates in just a few companies, it will become harder for the myriad voices necessary in a democracy to find outlets. "I get very nervous when more and more control moves into fewer and fewer hands," warns Senator Mike DeWine, an

Ohio Republican and chairman of the Subcommittee



But who's the boss? The new partners meet the press

tee on Antitrust, Business Rights and Competition. "This is not a mere commodity we're talking about. It's something more fundamental—information in a democracy."

Karmazin has no problem with the free flow of information in a democracy. In fact, he's all for a diversity of voices: CBS has long owned competing news-radio stations in the same markets. But in the modern American media world—Viacom's world—the free flow of information had better be accompanied by the free flow of cash.

—With reporting by Sally B. Donnelly/Washington, Julie Rawe and David E. Thigpen/New York and Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles

Silicon Valley Is Not Impressed



IS CBS WORTH \$36 BILLION? YEAH, ON WALL STREET, WHERE IT'S 1999, and advertising on TV networks is the best way to sell SUVs and six-packs to the masses. In the hearts, minds and business plans of Silicon Valley, however, it's 2005. Most U.S. homes and every last dorm room and office have high-speed connections to the Net; a wired nation surfs an endless array of digital infotainment, and—sorry, Summer—the '80s-era conglomerates brimming with vertically integrated synergy are about as relevant as rabbit ears. The Viacom-CBS merger "has the feel of a nostalgia purchase," says Paul Safo of the Institute for the Future. "It's as if you're out hiking, and a mastodon pops up in front of you."

If that actually happened, of course, the mastodon would squash you flat. The Viacom-CBS deal is about translating media distribution into ad dollars, and in the current world, CBS's TV, radio, billboard and Web properties will make the new Viacom a promotional and marketing juggernaut. Viacom, says PaineWebber analyst Chris Dixon, "is clearly going to be on the cutting edge of any kind of ad spending that's being done across all media."

Well, maybe—except the coming broadband Web seems expressly designed to hasten the demise of Viacom's broadcast-media landscape. "I don't understand how the [TV] networks get bigger," says Joe Krause, senior vice president of content at Excite@Home, one of the broadcast world's likeliest rivals. "I only know how they get smaller."

How? Let's see. A 50-channel cable universe cuts its viewership in half? Have fun in a 500-channel medium. Or 5,000. Or 5 million. "You'll be competing for people's attention whether you're a radio website, a TV site or my grandmother's birthday-party site," says Todd Wagner, CEO of Broadcast.com, the online video site that Yahoo snapped up last summer for \$5.7 billion.

Then there's the ebbing power of ads themselves. Why should marketers shell out for tomorrow's Must-See Thursday lineup when digital vcms like Tivo and Replay will let viewers order up any show, anytime—and effortlessly skip ads once they do? The future belongs to the customizable, one-to-one marketing software that e-commerce types are now inventing.

Won't the world's Viacom's be capable of competing on this terrain? Sure. Between Hollywood's program libraries, production studios and promotional muscle, when the behemoths put their full weight online, they'll be some of the biggest dogs on the block. What's more, predicting a paradigm shift based on a declining American appetite for ordinary TV may prove to be a fool's errand. Still, CBS's \$36 billion price tag derives from its status as a network that dominates Madison Avenue's ad dollars, not as just another player in a new and unpredictable ball game. "The Web turns viewers into the programmers and the network," says Wagner. "That's what the revolution will be." In which case, whose heads are likeliest to roll? —By Michael Krantz



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Back in The Game

Sega delivers a dream of a video-game machine

By FRANK GIBNEY JR.

VIDEO GAMES ARE FOR KIDS. TEENAGERS maybe. Right? But harried parents don't want to waste time sitting slack-jawed in front of Donkey Kong, Super Mario or even Gran Turismo. Wrong. After 20 minutes with NFL 2K, the premier game for Sega's new Dreamcast machine, I'm a convert. The football experience is totally realistic. It's almost like being there, right down to the touchdown two-steps and the frosty breath streaming from players' mouths (that is, if you've picked the Vikings and Rams to battle it out in a Minnesota blizzard). Uniforms get dirtier, players get tired, and as the game unfolds, the machine seems to be... conniving against you. Try more than two play-action passes, and your quarterback gets sacked. It's a dream of a machine, even for a baby boomer like me.

That, of course, is Sega's game plan. Launched in a \$100 million marketing blitz last week, Dreamcast is the first in a succession of machines that promise to bring real computing power to our living rooms for all the family to use. The graphics are far more realistic than those of even the best PC software on the market today and just about as textured as television. And while certainly designed for games, Sega's new consoles are capable of electronic wizardry that should turn even game-playing agnostics into believers. Dreamcast, for instance, comes equipped with a 56K modem and ports for all kinds of peripherals, including a keyboard. That means there's no need to flick on that cumbersome PC to surf the Web or send quick e-mails. And at \$199, it's a deal.

Which is one reason the rapidly grow-



BETTER THAN TELEVISION?

Dreamcast really struts its stuff with NFL 2K, a graphics-rich gridiron romp

VIRTUALITY Players tackled at the knees double over; if you choose to play in the rain, you will slide on slick turf

THE SMARTS Artificial intelligence lets the box learn from its own mistakes

NEXT UP A version that will allow you to play against others online

ing, \$15 billion global video-game business is suddenly hotter than ever. Sony and Nintendo have lowered prices on their current machines to just \$99. And as retailers race to supply customers with Sega's Dreamcast, industry leader Sony will be unveiling more details on its PlayStation II in Tokyo. Within two months, Nintendo, whose portable Game Boy has tripled in sales this year, will reveal blueprints for its next game console, code-named Dolphin. Even mighty Microsoft is said to be toying with the idea of designing its own console—more like a gaming PC for the living room that would run Windows. Says Christian Svensson, editor of the gaming-industry magazine *MCV*: "The influence they could have over all of electronic entertainment is almost scary."

Dreamcast represents Sega's bid to reinvent itself. And analysts think it has a good shot. The machine is at least 10 times as powerful as its rivals and already has 18 new games available. Equally important, Sega introduced it with savvy marketing. That is a turnaround for a company that in 1989 was No. 1 in the gaming business but has since been steadily slipping, barely hanging on to third place with only 1% market share. Sega botched its 1995 Saturn rollout by alienating software developers and retailers with poor support and imperious directives. Sony has dominated the industry since introducing its successful PlayStation in 1995. Worldwide ownership should top 70 million units by year's end, mostly because Sony's coddled software artists have created an exclusive cornucopia of more than 600 PlayStation titles globally.

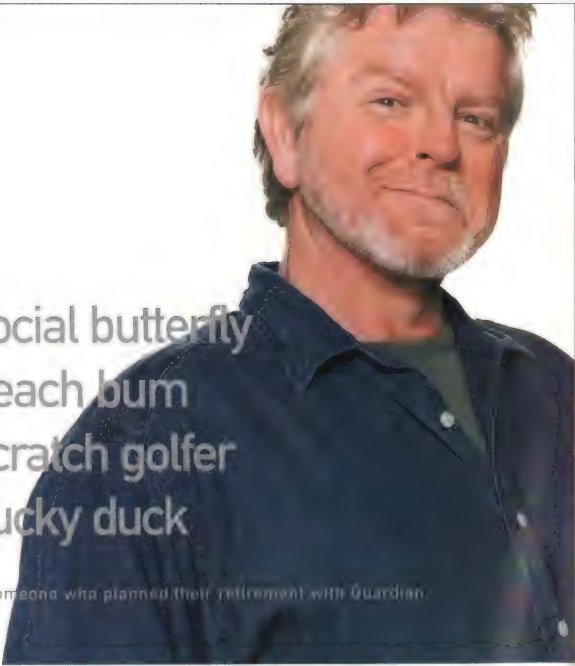
Sega's revival could be cut short if Sony's proposed new machine lives up to advance word. Sony says it will be powered by a revolutionary new chip called the "emotion engine" that will enable it to render lifelike images while simultaneously handling interactive audio and network play. Scheduled to debut in Japan in March 2000 and in North America next fall, it will be Internet-ready (like Dreamcast), capable of running current-generation PlayStation software (key to maintaining a loyal fan base) and equipped with enough ports to make it the electronic centerpiece of the future networked home. That, of course, would also be Microsoft's goal—the game box that does it all.

Fortunately for Sega, Dreamcast is the best act in town—for now. Michael Goodman, a Yankee Group analyst, says that as long as the great games keep coming, the company could up its market share to 15% or 20%. Early returns look good. A remarkable 250,000 Dreamcasts sold on launch day. If the pace keeps up and Microsoft gets into the action, then even I'll be e-mailing Santa for a console.

—With reporting by

Maryanne Murray Buschner/New York





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Beach bum
Scratch golfer
Lucky duck

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Her Serena Highness

The younger of the brash Williams sisters is the first to take a major singles crown. What will Daddy say?

By HOWARD CHUA-EOAN

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? SERENA Williams asked herself in the middle of the championship tie breaker that would help her make history, allow her to fulfill her father's predictions and alter her relationship with her older sister. It was a moment of doubt. But being 17, she dismissed it quickly—just as swiftly as she recovered from the nervousness that tripped up two earlier chances to win the title outright in her match against Martina Hingis. Serena's prevailing ethos reassured itself: she doesn't lose tie breakers. She hasn't lost one all year. The rule held. She won.

And so Serena Williams was transformed. On Saturday evening in New York City, she became the first African American to win a tennis Grand Slam singles title since Arthur Ashe won Wimbledon in 1975, and the first African-American woman to win the U.S. Open since Althea Gibson in 1958. As a historymaker, Serena transfigured her family as well. She, her sister Venus and their father Richard were no longer the loudest mouths on the tennis circuit. She had shown the world that her father was not just some voice crying in the wilderness but a true prophet. He had long predicted his daughters would dominate the world of women's tennis. Daddy did know best.

With her titanic 6-3, 7-6 victory over the wily Hingis last week, Serena, in her third year as a professional, also proved that she was no longer a bratty wannabe with a tendency to feud with other players: if she is ever cocky in the future, well, that's just a champion's confidence showing. Even her relationship with Hingis (with whom she has exchanged sharp words in the press) was different after the victory. Never one to admit weakness, Serena acknowledged Hingis' prowess and her ability to take advantage of her whenever she "slacked off." And Hingis returned the favor. Serena's serves, she said, "were, like, smacking."

One change in Serena's life, however,

will keep tennis fans glued to the little things that go bump on courtside and off. Venus, 19, was supposed to have been the first in the family to become a Grand Slam singles champ. Two years ago, Venus reached the finals of the U.S. Open only to lose badly to Hingis. She had come so close again this year but lost to Hingis in a ferocious semifinal the



"Venus was so bummed... and that encouraged me to be even tougher out there." —SERENA WILLIAMS

night before, perhaps wearing out the No. 1-ranked player enough to help Serena win on Saturday. Said Serena: "Venus was so bummed... and that encouraged me to be even tougher out there." Still, on victory Saturday, as her parents exulted in the stands, the camera panned to a wistful Venus staring straight ahead, betraying no strong emotion. Later, Serena said, "I've never seen her that down before."

The sisters have been extremely close.

They are, says ex-pro Pam Shriver, "best friends, doubles partners, practice partners. I don't think there have been players this close in the game, certainly not at the top." Venus invokes her sister's name constantly during interviews. Serena does the same. They are moving out of their parents' home into a house they are building nearby. Shriver points out that whenever sisters have competed in professional tennis, the elder sister has always had the edge. In the past, Serena had seemed hesitant to surpass her sister. There was talk that she had pulled out of one tournament because she and Venus were on the same side of the draw. The sisters deny that. But they are competitive. Says Shriver, who is Venus' mentor: "It's

only natural that it can be awkward. The Lipton [tournament where Venus beat Serena] was very odd. They're teenagers going through adolescence. My hope is that if they truly both have this ambition, which they do—to get to the very top—they need to work this out eventually, and not have any edge one way psychologically."

Family dynamics are critical. And Richard Williams has not made it easy. Two weeks ago, as the U.S. Open began, he predicted his two prodigious daughters would face each other in the finals. That almost happened. But he has also said that Serena might prove to be the better player. On Friday night, as his older daughter was being defeated by Hingis, he vanished from the stands and apparently returned to his hotel room. Says Mary Carillo, a lead analyst for CBS Sports: "I think the sisters handle [parental pressure] beautifully. They understand what they have to do to defuse situations created by their father. Richard wants to be the story; he wants to be a big part of the Williams legend. He creates controversy and his kids have to react to it. It's all part of the hype, but let me tell you, it's those kids who have to walk into the locker room."

So far, the sisters have rushed to each other's defense amid adversity. Says Andrea Leand, a contributor to *Tennis* magazine: "When it comes to each other, they know the relationship is much more important than the tennis." Serena herself reflected on it last week during an interview that aired on CBS before her big victory: "I don't see how tennis could separate us. Tennis only lasts for a few years, and after that we have the rest of our lives." An admirable thought from a teenager—but one that is certain to be tested again and again on the court. —Reported by Harriet Barovick/New York



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The Pope And der Führer

A new storm erupts over Pius XII's conduct even before the Holocaust

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

THE SCENE IS THE PAPAL KITCHEN, 1942. Pope Pius XII is holding two closely written sheets. On them is his denunciation of the Nazi persecution of European Jews, to be published by evening. But word has just arrived that after Holland's bishops issued a similar statement from the pulpit, the Germans deported 40,000 Catholics of Jewish origin. If the Dutch protest cost 40,000 lives, Pius says, "my own could cost the lives of perhaps 200,000 Jews. I cannot take such a great responsibility. It is better to remain silent before the public and do in private all that is possible." He has the pages destroyed.

That gemlike story has long served as a key anecdotal exhibit in the defense of Pius for his public silence during the Nazi genocide. In his searing new book, *Hitler's Pope*, British author John Cornwell repeats it—but not to Pius' benefit. The 40,000 figure, he reports, was impossible—twice the total of all Jews deported from Holland by that date. The likely number of deported Jewish-Catholic converts, Cornwell says, was "no more than 92." Though undeniably tragic, 92 deaths seem a thin reed on which to base a continent-wide policy of discretion in the face of murder.

Such painstaking—and painful—revisionism suggests why, three weeks before its publication and a week before the appearance of a long excerpt in *Vanity Fair*,



BEFORE THE WHIRLWIND: Then Archbishop Pacelli leaving a German reception in 1928

a Vatican theologian had already branded *Hitler's Pope* a "shameful libel." Cornwell, a practicing Catholic, says he originally enlisted "on the side of all these chaps in believing Pius had had a really bad deal" at his critics' hands. But research into the lightly trod territory of Pius' decades-long German involvement before his papacy left Cornwell in a state of "moral shock," he says. "The material I had gathered amounted not to an exoneration but to an indictment." In the end, Cornwell concluded Pius "was Hitler's pawn."

The apple in Cornwell's tale of sin is papal power. Pius, born Eugenio Pacelli, hailed from a family of Vatican loyalists dedicated to tightening Rome's rein on its semi-independent European churches. As a diplomat in Germany, he pursued the long-term goal of a church-state pact granting Rome near total control over its Teutonic flock. No German leader would sign—until Hitler.

The dictator set only a few conditions: the disbanding of the Catholic-dominated German Center Party and the defining of any Catholic criticism of Nazi political acts as "foreign interference." The 1933 concordat, claims Cornwell, "imposed a moral duty on Catholics to obey the Nazi rulers" and so neutered Germany's "last democratic focus." (Catholics made up one-third of the German population.) Pacelli, meanwhile, commenced his long silence on Jewish persecution.

Cornwell also revives previously discounted charges of anti-Semitism. He produces

two letters, the more disturbing of which purportedly offers Pius' description of a revolutionary in 1919: "A Jew. Pale, dirty, with drugged eyes, hoarse voice, vulgar, repulsive, with a face that is both intelligent and sly." The "secret antipathy," writes Cornwell, helped prevent Pius from finding "in the isolation of the Jews a parallel with Christ alone on Golgotha" and thus helped prevent him from finding a voice to defend them.

"It's not much to base accusations of anti-Semitism on," remarks historian Father Pierre Blet of the 1919 letter. A similar tendentiousness, he says, mars Cornwell's whole work: "He ignores a great deal of material which doesn't fit his theory and makes grave accusations without supplying the evidence." Blet was one of four Jesuits who compiled the official 12-volume record of Pius' war years from Vatican archives. He too has a new book: a useful summary titled *Pius XII and the Second World War*. Blet maintains that the 1933 pact was "practically imposed by Hitler." And papal power was hardly its only carrot: "The Nazis offered such good conditions that it would have been crazy not to sign it." Cornwell's implication of Pacelli in the Center Party's demise, he notes, rests heavily on uncorroborated memoirs by a former party head.

The feud over Pius is likely to intensify as he moves closer to sainthood: his beatification could occur by next year. Jewish groups are increasingly hostile to it, and the Vatican is increasingly resentful of their critiques. But debate should be welcome. It illuminates previously neglected episodes in the life of this prospective saint. And it alerts us to flaws in the received version, as when, defending Pius against Cornwell last week, at least one cleric reached again for the story of the Dutch reprisals.

—With reporting by Emily Mitchell/
New York and Martin Penner/Rome



DEBATE: Pius later said he felt compelled to accept Hitler's conditions. "A fabrication," snaps Cornwell, above

GLORIES OF EGYPT

A new exhibition showcases superb art from the age of the pyramids

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

BLAME IT ON THE PYRAMIDS. THOSE ASTONISHING works of architecture—and vanity—are so overwhelming that scholars have taken a while to turn to the lesser aesthetic achievements of the Old Kingdom, the 500 glorious years between about 2650 and 2150 B.C. when many of the iconic structures were erected. Until recently, in fact, archaeologists knew little more about this period than Herodotus did.

All that has changed, though, as a spectacular exhibition opening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City this week makes clear. "Egyptian Art in the Age of the Pyramids" is the first major show devoted to the Old Kingdom. It features some 250 objects from 32 institutions in 10 countries—including exquisite sculptures, relief paintings, vessels, furniture and jewelry—created for use in the temples and royal tombs surrounding Egypt's most familiar monuments.

It was during the Old Kingdom that Egypt came of age as a civilization. It was also, says Dorothea Arnold, curator in charge of the Met's Egyptian department, the time when art began to flourish. "It was invented and stylized then," she says, "and it stayed that way for 2,000 to 3,000 years. This was a time when the human figure was at the center of

art. When people asked, 'Who are we? What is death?' These people came to grips with death by cherishing life, by transforming human figures into stone in order to preserve them forever." The show moves to Toronto in February. —*Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York*



▲ PRECIOUS BANGLES

These silver, turquoise, lapis lazuli and carnelian bangles belonged to Queen Hetep-heres I



▲ CHIEF OF DENTISTS

That's one of the many honorifics given Pharaoh Djoser's courtier Hesi-ri, shown here in a relief of acacia wood



▲ KINGLY CHEST

A wood, ivory and pottery masterpiece used to store linen, cosmetics and jewelry

◀ RITUAL NOISEMAKER

Alabaster sistrum, or rattle, topped with cobra and the falcon-god Horus, was used to ward off violence



▲ THE ROYALS, CIRCA 2490 B.C.

An unfinished portrait of King Menkaure and one of his Queens, this 54-in.-tall statue is among the finest examples of ancient Egyptian sculpture ever found



▼ PAINTED PRINCE

The color of Wep-em-nefret's portrait was preserved by an overlying stone slab

▲ CRAFTSMAN

This limestone statuette of a squatting potter still bears traces of its original pigment





PEOPLE IN

SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA

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FOR RADICAL

NEW WAYS

TO GET AROUND

If it's new and it's got wheels, chances are it came from Southern California. People here aren't just content to walk; they'd rather pedal, skate or scoot.

Maybe it's great weather that inspires Southern Californians to design so many ways

The Prius hybrid vehicle



Toyota's design center, CA

to get out and about. Or maybe it's the wide-open spaces. Whatever it is, innovation is no stranger to the roads and pathways of this beautiful corner of the world.

It's probably no coincidence, then, that the design for the world's first mass-produced hybrid vehicle was developed in Southern California. In Newport Beach, to be precise, at Toyota's futuristic North American design center, known as Caltex.

Here, a team of designers created the look that is already turning heads overseas for Toyota's breakthrough alternative fuel vehicle, the Prius.

Caltex is part of Toyota's global network of operations. It's a network that includes facilities in 25 countries and provides jobs and growth in communities around the world.

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TOYOTA People Drive Us



WILD ABOUT HARRY

The exploits of a young wizard have enchanted kids and adults alike and brought a new kind of magic to children's literature

By PAUL GRAY

FIRST OF ALL, FOR THE UNINITIATED, HERE ARE THREE SUREFIRE, CLINICALLY tested signs that you are a Muggle:

- 1) You spot a boy or girl whose forehead is emblazoned with a paste-on tattoo in the shape of a purple lightning bolt and have no idea what you are seeing.
- 2) You still believe reading is a lost art, especially among the young, and books have been rendered obsolete in our electronic, hot-wired age.
- 3) You don't know what a Muggle is.

Fortunately, such ignorance has become almost ridiculously easy to remedy. Simply place yourself in the vicinity of a child, just about any child, anywhere, and say the magic words *Harry Potter*. If, for instance, you utter this charm to Anna Hinkley, 9, a third-grader in Santa Monica, Calif., here is what you will learn: "What happens in the first book, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, which she has read, she confides, "seven or eight times."

And that book is only the opening chapter of a story that has become one of the most

THE PEOPLE

The boy sorcerer's life is filled with colorful characters, including:

THE DURSLEYS Harry's mean, nonwizard relatives who make his orphan childhood miserable

RON WEASLEY The youngest of six wizard brothers and Harry's best friend at Hogwarts School

HERMIONE GRANGER The smart Muggle-born know-it-all who is Harry's other best friend

PROFESSOR DUMBLEDORE A powerful wizard and the wise Hogwarts headmaster

Hagrid The hard-drinking near-giant and gamekeeper at Hogwarts who is devoted to Harry

LORD VOLDEMORT A.k.a. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, the evil wizard who killed Harry's parents and continues to menace him

BOOKS

bizarre and surreal in the annals of publishing. Muggles, i.e., those who are unaware of all the wizardry afoot in the world around them, will need a brief recap if they're ever to catch up.

So, in the beginning, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* (or *Philosopher's Stone*, as it was originally named), written by a previously unknown author named J. (for Joanne) K. Rowling, appeared in Britain in June 1997 as a juvenile-fiction title. Abracadabra! it careered to the top of the adult best-seller lists. The same eerie thing happened when the book was published September 1998 in the U.S.

NEXT CAME *HARRY POTTER and the Chamber of Secrets*, which proved itself, both in Britain and the U.S., as salesworthy as its predecessor. So far, the first two Harry Potter books have sold almost 2 million copies in Britain and more than 5 million in the U.S. The novels have been translated into 28 languages, including Icelandic and Serbo-Croatian. The best-seller chart in last Sunday's New York Times Book Review ranks *The Sorcerer's Stone*, in its 38th week on the list, as the No. 1-selling hardback novel and *The Chamber of Secrets*, in its 13th week, as No. 3.

But this arrangement will change almost immediately because the story keeps on developing. Last Wednesday *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* (Arthur A. Levine Books/Scholastic Press; 435 pages; \$19.95) finally went on sale in the U.S., exactly two months after its publication in Britain. Those U.S. readers who had not managed to obtain a copy of the British edition, chiefly through Internet orders, swamped bookstores nationwide. From El Centro, Calif., to Littleton, N.H., many stores opened for business at 12 a.m.; others offered customers tea and crumpets or steep initial discounts. Barbara Babbit Kaufman, president and founder of the Chapter 11 bookstore chain in Atlanta, reports selling more Harry Potter books in the first three hours of business than Tom Wolfe's novel *A Man in Full*, sold during its first day of availability last November. "Tom Wolfe was set in Atlanta," she says, "so it was the hottest book we'd ever had." Until, that is, the new Harry Potter hit the shelves.

Not everyone welcomed the prospect of a third best-selling Rowling novel in the U.S. Says David Rosenthal, publisher of Simon & Schuster: "There is a big controversy stirring over whether Harry Potter should be on the New York Times best-seller list. There are a number of publish-



THE PLACES

The geography of the wizard world is closely interwoven with regular, everyday locations. Wizards—and readers—can easily move back and forth, but most ordinary folks don't know how, so here's some help:

HOGWARTS School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Housed in a castle more than 1,000 years old, it offers seven years of rigorous, if unorthodox, education to a handpicked elite of potential sorcerers

HAGRID'S COTTAGE Home of the school's gruff but lovable gamekeeper

THE FORBIDDEN FOREST The dark woods surrounding the Hogwarts grounds



HOGSMEADE An all-wizard village near the school where students after their second year are allowed to visit.

Attractions include the Shrieking Shack, "the most haunted dwelling in Britain"

DIAGON ALLEY A street of shops selling wands, cauldrons, broomsticks, robes and other magical paraphernalia

GRINGOTTS The central wizard bank, with

vaults far below the streets of London, operated by Goblins

PLATFORM NINE AND THREE-QUARTERS The track at King's Cross Station where students gather each fall to board the *Hogwarts Express*

THE HOME OF THE DURSLEYS 4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, the scene of Harry's unhappy childhood

ers—I don't happen to be among them, actually, but I've got calls about this—who are thinking about banding together to beg the *New York Times* not to include the Harry Potter books on the regular fiction best-selling list, since they now take up two slots and will soon take up a third."

The argument that a list of regular best sellers should exclude children's best sellers will strike most people as preposterous. But then the whole Harry Potter hubbub seems equally outlandish—the proliferating pages that fans are posting almost daily on the Web, the word-of-mouth testimonials from parents marveling that their nonreading children (even boys!) are tearing through the Potter books and begging for more, the confessions of a growing number of adults not so young that they find these young-adult books irresistible. And the arrival of *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* will only add more fuel to the Potter conflagration and prompt anew the question that is baffling many non-Harry publishers and readers alike: What on earth is going on here?

If there were an easy answer, nearly every other writer on earth would by now be beaver away at imitations of Rowling's formula for success, and the world would be teeming with best sellers about prepubescent wizards attending bizarre boarding schools somewhere in the north of Britain. And, in fact, it is not particularly hard to figure out the rules governing the Harry Potter books. Place appealing characters in interesting but perilous situations and leave the outcome in doubt for as long as possible. Nothing new here, nothing that storytellers as far back as Homer did not grasp and gainfully employ. But, as devoted Harry Potter fans have learned, knowing a magic charm is not the same thing as performing magic. Rowling's secret is as simple and mysterious as her uncanny ability to nourish the human hunger for enchantment: she knows how to feed the desire not just to hear or read a story but to live it as well.

That is why so many people both young and naive and older and jaded have surrendered to the illusions set forth in Harry Potter's fictional world. They want to believe the unbelievable, and Rowling makes it easy and great good fun for them to do so. How pleasant to be persuaded that an orphan named Harry Potter, who has lived for 10 years with the Dursleys, his cruel aunt and uncle and their hateful son Dudley, in a faceless English suburb—specifically 4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging—learns shortly after his 11th birthday that he is really a wizard. What's more, he is famous throughout the wizard world; although his parents were mur-

BOOKS

dered by the evil Lord Voldemort (so feared that he is referred to only as "He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named"), the infant Harry survived the attack with a lightning-bolt-shaped scar on his forehead.

Every event in the Potter books follows seamlessly from his initial self-discovery. Harry may be a skinny kid with glasses, green eyes and an unruly shock of black hair, but he also harbors uncertain potentialities. Did he thwart

ing Cross Road and enter Diagon Alley, a wizard shopping bazaar, where he and his classmates meet late each summer to buy school supplies. And getting from there to Hogwarts is a snap; Harry and his friends go to King's Cross Station and board the *Hogwarts Express*, which departs early every September from Platform Nine and Three-Quarters.

It isn't necessary to have finished the first two Harry Potters before beginning

Such unchanging details make Rowling's innovations in each book seem particularly dramatic. This time out, for example, third-year students with signed permission slips from a parent or guardian are allowed periodic visits to Hogsmeade, a nearby village known as "the only entirely non-Muggle settlement in Britain." Naturally, Harry's vile Uncle Vernon refuses to sign anything relating to Hogwarts, so Harry faces the prospect of missing the fun or finding a way around the rules. And Harry meets another little problem: a dangerous killer has escaped from the wizard prison of Azkaban and is reportedly on his way to Hogwarts for the purpose of murdering Harry.

HE HAS SURVIVED A SERIOUS threat to his life in each of the first two books, but this time Harry may be overmatched. The Azkaban prison guards, horrid hooded apparitions called dementors, have been summoned to Hogwarts to protect Harry, but he keeps fainting whenever a dementor comes near him. A sympathetic professor tells Harry why dementors merit fear: "They breed in the darkest, filthiest places, they create decay and despair, they drain peace, hope and happiness out of any human who comes too close to them... Even Muggles feel their presence, though they can't see them. Get too near a dementor and every good feeling, every happy memory will be



How much do readers love Harry? Let us count the ways...
Books in print: 7.5 million
In how many languages: 28
Weeks on New York Times best-seller list: 38
Amazon.com pre-orders for Azkaban: 61,206
Copies of Azkaban sold in Sept. 8: more than 50,000
Lightning-bolt tattoos sent to U.S. bookstores: 650,000

Voldemort's assault because of innate goodness or because he carries, even as an infant, a strain of evil more powerful than that of the Dark Wizard's? This question will remind some of the *Star Wars* films and the tangled destinies of Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker. But once such comparisons begin, they can lead in many directions.

Harry's shuttling between two worlds is also reminiscent of Lewis Carroll's Alice, L. Frank Baum's Dorothy in her journey to Oz, and the time-traveling earth children who keep reappearing in C. S. Lewis' seven-volume *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Like them, Harry is young enough both to adapt to altered realities and to observe them with a minimum of preconceptions. Also, the sorcerer's stone in the first Harry Potter book bears an obvious kinship with the all-powerful ring pursued in J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.

But Rowling's indebtedness to classical fantasy literature should not overshadow the liberties she takes with the form. Most notably, her wizard world is not at all remote from daily realities. It takes a cyclone to transport Dorothy to Oz. In contrast, Harry can walk a few steps through a London pub near Char-



The Prisoner of Azkaban, but it's a good idea just the same. Reading the books in proper order conveys a comforting sense of familiarity. Yep, the crenelated towers of Hogwarts look just the same as they did last year. And why not? The school is more than 1,000 years old. The academic and athletic competitions among the four Hogwarts residence houses—Gryffindor, Slytherin, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw—remain as spirited as before. All the students are still mad about Quidditch, a hectic sport involving six goals, four moving balls and two seven-member teams careering 50 ft. or more above ground on flying broomsticks. Harry is the star player for the Gryffindor squad.

THE CREATURES

An apprentice wizard's education involves a menagerie of nonhumans the messenger service wizards use for mail

SCABBERS His friend Ron's pet rat, a compromise choice since Ron can't afford his own owl

CROOKSHANKS His other pal Hermione's feral cat and the bane of Scabbers' existence

BUCKBEAK A hippogriff, a large flying creature that is half bird and half horse

DOBBY A house elf, or indentured servant, who idolizes Harry

NEARLY HEADLESS NICK The resident ghost of Harry's dorm

PEEVES A mischievous poltergeist who rattles around Hogwarts looking for victims to startle



HARRY POTTER

by J.K. Rowling



THE LORD OF THE RINGS

by J.R.R. Tolkien



THE WIZARD OF OZ

by L. Frank Baum



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

by Lewis Carroll



THE NARNIA CHRONICLES

by C.S. Lewis

MAJOR CHARACTER

HARRY POTTER A skinny orphan who learns that he has a magical heritage

FRODO BAGGINS A Hobbit, a smallish chap with hairy feet, on a crucial mission

DOROTHY A young girl living on a Kansas farm with her Uncle Henry and Aunt Em

ALICE A very sensible girl who finds herself meeting a number of very silly creatures

PETER AND LUCY Two of several bright and adventurous British youngsters

ENCHANTED PLACE

HOGWARTS SCHOOL The place for young witches and wizards to learn their trade

MIDDLE EARTH Our planet but imagined in a distant past called the Third Age

THE LAND OF OZ A realm of Munchkins, good and bad witches and flying monkeys

WONDERLAND A topsy-turvy domain of upside-down logic and talky eccentrics

NARNIA A beautiful, lush land subject to periodic invasions and internal uprisings

ENTRY TO MAGICAL WORLD

HOGWARTS EXPRESS departs from a secret platform at London's King's Cross Station

THE BOOKS' PAGES No humans in our world time-travel back to Middle Earth

CYCLONE, SLIPPERS A big wind blows Dorothy in; enchanted shoes get her out

A RABBIT HOLE Alice later goes elsewhere by stepping through a looking glass

A WARDROBE A closet affords Lucy her first trip to Narnia. Other routes appear later

SCREEN ADAPTATIONS

PENDING A live-action *Sorcerer's Stone* is gearing up for release within a year or two

SEVERAL They include a 1978 animation. A live film starts shooting next month

MGM MUSICAL, 1939 The classic with Judy Garland and the song *Over the Rainbow*

DISNEY, 1951 This animated musical is the best known of nine Alice-based films

NONE but several TV versions of individual novels that make up the *Chronicles*

MORAL OF THE TALE

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF The most important magic comes from inside each of us

POWER CORRUPTS A magic ring that can control the world must be destroyed

NO PLACE LIKE HOME Sometimes, though, going away is the best way to appreciate it

BE YOUNG AT HEART Alice hopes she will dream of Wonderland in drab adulthood

YOU GOTTA BELIEVE Religious faith offers a path from an earthly to a real paradise

sucked out of you. You'll be left with nothing but the worst experiences of your life."

This speech is one of the darkest and most unsettling in the Potter books to date. It creates a vivid physical embodiment of a painful mental state, which Muggles call depression, and it demonstrates Rowling's considerable emotional range. She can be both genuinely scary and consistently funny, adept at both broad slapstick and allusive puns and wordplay. She appeals to the peanut gallery with such items as Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans, a wizard candy that means what it says on its package; it offers every flavor, ranging from chocolate and peppermint to liver and tripe and earwax. But Rowling also names the Hogwarts caretaker Argus Filch, evidently hoping that a few adult readers will remember that Argus, in Greek mythology, was a watchman with eyes all over his body. And even if no one else picks up the reference, it's the sort of touch that can prompt an author's inward smile.

IT WAS SUCH FUN TO WRITE," ROWLING says of the first Harry Potter book. "They still are incredibly fun to write." She lives comfortably but not lavishly in Edinburgh with her daughter Jessie, 6, fending off as many outside demands on her time as she can in order to keep writing. She was completely unprepared for, and doesn't much like, all the press attention that has been mounting since she became a best-selling first novelist. During some early interviews, she mentioned that her beginning work on the Harry Potter books corresponded briefly with a bad patch in her personal life. She was newly divorced, temporarily out of work, on the dole and living in an unheated Edinburgh flat. To keep them both warm, she would wheel her young daughter into a café and sometimes jot down Harry Potter ideas on napkins.

Rowling grew annoyed when news-

papers played up this anecdote as a dominant chapter in her life. "It was a great story," she concedes. "I would have liked to read it about someone else." But the tale came to define her, the product of a middle-class family and a university education, as a welfare mom who hit the jackpot. Worse, some papers began using her success as an implied criticism of poor, single women who lacked the gumption to write themselves off the dole. "That's absolute rubbish," Rowling says. "This is not vanity or arrogance, but if you look at the facts, very, very few people manage to write anything that might be a best seller. Therefore, I'm lucky by anyone's standards, let alone single mothers' standards."

Rowling says the urge to be a writer came to her early during what she describes as a "dreamy" internal childhood. She began writing stories when she was six. She also read widely, whipping through Ian Fleming at age nine. Some-

time later she discovered Jane Austen, whom Rowling calls "my favorite author ever." She was writing a novel for adults when, during a 1990 train ride, "Harry Potter strolled into my head fully formed." For the next five years Rowling worked on Book One and plotted out the whole series, which will consist of seven novels, one for each year Harry spends at Hogwarts. "Those five years really went into creating a whole world. I know far

captains, and he felt a slight lurch in the region of his stomach that he didn't think had anything to do with nerves."

Yes, Rowling acknowledges, Harry is on the brink of adolescence and will fall into that hormonal morass any day now. Harry and friends will notice, and do more than notice, members of the opposite sex, and the action starts in Book Four where they all fall in love with the wrong people. A foolishly smitten or

coming first appearance on the silver screen. British producer David Heyman saw a blurb on *The Sorcerer's Stone* shortly after its British publication but before the book became a smash. He brought the project to Warner Bros. (like TIME, owned by Time Warner), which optioned the book. The plan is for a live-action film, with Harry played as a British schoolboy. A first script, by Steven Kloves, who wrote and directed *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, is due by the end of the year.

Heyman says Warner Bros. "has already got a lot of calls from parents wanting their kids to be in the movie." But, he says, "the good news is it's not a star-driven film. It's the child's film, and the child is not going to command a \$20 million fee. So the primary cost will be in the special effects. We want to make all of that as believable and fantastical as possible. Technology is now incredible."

But one of the interesting things about Hogwarts in the Potter books is that it contains no technology at all. Light is provided by torches and heat by massive fireplaces. Who needs electricity when you have plenty of wizards and magic wands? Who, for that matter, requires mail pickup and delivery when a squadron of trained owls flies messages to and from the school? Technology is for Muggles, who rely on contraptions because they cannot imagine the conveniences of magic. Who wouldn't choose a wizard's life? —Reported by Elizabeth Gluck/London and Andrea Sachs/New York



Rowling, at home: "I really can, with no difficulty at all, think myself back to 11"

more than the reader will ever need to know about ridiculous details."

Rowling insists that she never consciously set out to write for children, but that working on Harry Potter taught her how easily she could tap into her childhood memories. "I really can, with no difficulty at all, think myself back to 11 years old [Harry's age when the series opens]. You're very powerless, and kids have this whole underworld that to adults is always going to be impenetrable." That's a good description of the social setup she portrays at Hogwarts, where the students have stretches of time with little or no adult supervision. Rowling believes young people enjoy reading about peers who have a real control over their destiny. "Harry has to make his choices. He has limited access to really caring adults."

Since her characters grow a year older in each book, Rowling says that certain unavoidable changes are in store for them and the readers. A hint of what's ahead appears in *The Prisoner of Azkaban*, when Harry notices Cho Chang, the only girl on the Ravenclaw Quidditch team. "She was shorter than Harry by about a head, and Harry couldn't help noticing, nervous as he was, that she was extremely pretty. She smiled at Harry as the teams faced each other behind their

moony Harry may challenge the devotion of the readers who admire his innocent, boyish virtues and unflappable dignity, except, perhaps, those readers who have grown into adolescents themselves.

BUT HARRY POTTER FANS HAVE something a good deal more worrisome to fret about than potential smooching and hand holding. Rowling has been dropping increasingly pointed promises that the four remaining Harry Potter books will turn darker than the first three. "There will be deaths," she says. "I am writing about someone, Voldemort, who is evil. And rather than make him a pantomime villain, the only way to show how evil it is to take a life is to kill someone the reader cares about." Can she possibly mean (oh!) Hermione, (no!) Ron or (gasp!) Harry himself? Rowling discloses nothing, but she does note that the children who contact her "are always most worried I'm going to kill Ron. It shows how sharp they are. They've watched so many movies where the hero's best friend gets killed."

And certain Potter purists are concerned about Harry's up-

THE CATCHPHRASES

Every society has its own language; here are some words of WizardSpeak

MUGGLES Nonmagical people

QUIDDITCH The popular wizard sport in which teams mounted on flying brooms chase after four balls, including the Golden Snitch, which usually wins the game for the team that captures it

SEEKER The fastest member on a Quidditch team; Harry's position

NIMBUS TWO THOUSAND, FIREBOLT Brand names of pricey, high-performance brooms

THE SORTING HAT A cap that chooses its wearer's school house

PARSELMOUTHS Wizards who can talk to snakes

EVERY FLAVOR BEANS A candy that can taste like everything from chocolate to tripe

"ARAMARK
helped give our
students a boost."

Unlimited Partnership with:
Woodland School District, Illinois

Since:
1993

Managed Services:
Before and After School Enrichments
Recreational Programs
Kindergarten Enrichment Programs
Summer Programs
Preschool Programs
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OPTIMIST IN A JADED AGE

Jedediah Purdy
says America is
being corroded
by irony. He's
here to save us



NATURE BOY At 24, the Yale law student has upset the chattering classes

By WALTER KIRN

J EDEDIAH PURDY, 24, MAY HAVE BEEN born in the 1970s, but he grew up in the 1870s. Home was a hillside West Virginia farm plowed by a team of Percheron draft horses. School was his parents' kitchen, his neighbors' fields. Town was a country crossroads with two stores, and entertainment a new book from the library. And though the young man with the Old Testament name and the Mark Twain upbringing later went on to study at Harvard and Yale, mixing with the privileged and the trend-conscious, his heart remained in the hills, beneath the oaks.

Purdy's mind, however, is another matter. With the publication of his first book—*For Common Things: Irony, Trust and Commitment in America Today* (Knopf; 256 pages; \$20)—the brainy nature

boy has stormed the capital, panicking the languid sophisticates with an unfashionably passionate attack on the dangers of modern passionlessness. Reduced to simple headlines, Purdy's book is a precocious diatribe against the sort of media-savvy detachment that passes for intelligence and maturity in the age of Letterman. "The ironic individual," he writes, "is a bit like Seinfeld without a script; at ease



"We are wary of hope ... Believing in nothing much, especially not in people, is a point of vague pride."

in banter, versed in allusion, and almost debilitatingly self-aware." In Purdy's opinion, the price of such crippling cleverness is social stagnation and private emptiness. Ironists waste time smirking rather than working—working to build a better world, that is. And Purdy, an unapologetic progressive, believes in a better world. Sincerely. Earnestly. Some might even say annoyingly.

Even before its publication, Purdy's book provoked heavy return fire from the chattering classes it draws a bead on. A long review in *Harper's* magazine, facetiously titled *Thus Spoke Jedediah* and reeking of the quippy, jaded wit that Purdy fears the nation is mired in, opened by poking fun at Purdy's past and went on to brand him—ironically, of course—a "young sage," dismissing his ideas as "second- and third-hand musings." The *New York Observer*, a metropolitan weekly that is to the disaffected Eastern elite what the *Daily Racing Form* is to gambling addicts, found Purdy just as cloying and irritating. Among New Yorkers whose daily bread is irony, heavily buttered with sarcasm and ridicule, Purdy's message of earnest civic-mindedness was as welcome as a vice cop at a bachelor party.

Purdy doesn't wish to be a spoilsport. He's negative only about negativity. Temperamentally, he's an optimist who places his faith in action, not attitude. One issue close to his tender rural heart is the preservation of West Virginia wilderness from the mountain-leveling predations of modern coal mining. A student of law and forestry at Yale, he sees himself arguing his causes in court someday, but his broader goal is to spur a resurgence in grass-roots public activism. "We need today a kind of thought and action that is too little contemplated yet remains possible," he writes. "It is the kind aimed at the preservation of what we love most in the world, and a stay against forgetting what that love requires."

In conversation, Purdy is hardly humorless. In fact, he's downright funny, even absurd. Cherub-faced, with a bowl-shaped haircut unsullied by the professional stylist's scissors, he gives off a dual impression of utter youthfulness and uncanny erudition. He uses the word ontology as naturally as other young men say "dude," but he's quite capable of vivid straight talk.

Of his idealistic upbringing, he says, "There are families that eat hot dogs and families that don't. We were a family that didn't." And his complaint about a tedious party thrown by his publisher to introduce him to New Haven, Conn., bookstore owners sounds a bit like Letterman: "One of the nice things about West Virginia is that you could comb the entire state and not put together a roomful of booksellers."

The better world that Purdy fondly hopes for is based in part on the world his parents gave him. His father Wally was raised a farmer, but when the family's ancestral acreage was taken to help expand the Pittsburgh, Pa., airport, Wally dropped out of mainstream agriculture and moved with his wife Deirdre, a graduate student in philosophy and a restless child of Delaware suburbia, to the West Virginia hamlet of Chloe. Alongside what Purdy estimates were a few hundred other local neohomesteaders, the family grew its own tomatoes, slaughtered its own cattle, and kept in touch with the wider world almost solely through National Public Radio. "Those utterly sober, almost somnolent male voices always seemed very homelike," Purdy recalls, perhaps revealing a central influence on his own hypercivilized diction. When the family broke down and bought an old TV set to view a hotly contested World Series one fall

the device ended up in the basement, and the children allowed themselves to watch it only as payment for completed chores. "My sister and I devised a system of viewing credits," Purdy remembers. He recalls that his credits were never used up.

A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT FOR home schooling, Purdy received no formal education until the age of 13, when a casual meeting with an admissions officer landed him a coveted place at New Hampshire's Phillips Exeter Academy. Before this—except for "an hour or two a week" of what Purdy archaically calls "arithmetic"—his lessons came from random, heavy reading. He devoured everything from Hardy Boys mysteries to chunky tomes on European history. "We made pretty serious raids on thrift-store book supplies," he says. After a brief, unfulfilling interlude in the local public school, Purdy headed up to Exeter, where he both found himself intellectually and met the cultural enemy: prep school irony.

"It was a very suave but very ignorant self-satisfaction," Purdy says of the Exeter atmosphere. "There was this sense of casual entitlement." Later he was admitted to Harvard, where he became, in his own dramatic phrase, "obsessed with ethics." Listening to Purdy describe his zeal for Kant and Hegel, it's easy to see why certain critics

can't help poking fun at him. Why so serious? And considering the status of Purdy's heroes—from the great French essayist Montaigne to the brave Polish dissident Adam Michnik—the objects of his derision seem like straw men. Purdy singles out for special scorn management guru Tom Peters, who teaches disciples to think of themselves as commercial, brand-named products; the cyber-magazines *Wired* and *Fast Company*, which promote, in Purdy's view, greed and self-absorption; and Jerry Seinfeld, whom Purdy calls, in a tone once reserved for Satan and serial killers, "irony incarnate."

Despite its publisher's hope that Purdy's book will hit it big with thoughtful twentysomethings starved for meaning in a vacuous time, *For Common Things* is an arduous read that would test the syntactical skills of a tenured professor. It is not the accessible pop polemic some reviewers have made it out to be but an achingly ambitious manifesto from a very young young man who happens to be, alarmingly often, eloquent beyond his years. Insufferably smug, however, Purdy is not, particularly when it comes to his anointment as an instant wise man for the millennium. "Irony," he elegantly reflects, "is probably the only appropriate response to walking by a bookstore and seeing your face in the window." There—a joke. ■

PURDY'S PET PEEVES: CULPRITS OF A DETACHED SOCIETY

Jerry Seinfeld

He's "irony incarnate," and his departed TV sitcom "perfectly echoed the tone of the culture"



Bill Clinton

With such initiatives as his "apology" for slavery, he practices "therapeutic politics," substituting words for deeds

Wired Magazine

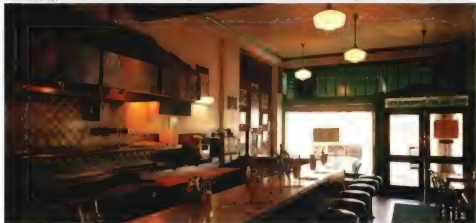
It scorns "ecological concerns" in pursuit of a sterile, high-tech paradise



Tom Peters

The business guru urges followers to market "the brand called You"

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CHEVY SUBURBAN  LIKE A ROCK

Their Major Is Alienation

Meet the Class of 1999: four high school series laden with adult anxiety

By JAMES PONIEWOZIK

TALK ABOUT SCHOOL OVERCROWDING: as if in a communal anxiety dream, TV has returned en masse to high school, offering a quartet of new takes on socialization and its discontents. On NBC's 1980 period piece *Freaks and Geeks* (scheduled for a Sept. 25 debut, 8 p.m. E.T.), the pencil-necked latter scurry from gym-class bruisers wielding dodge balls. On Fox's *Manchester Prep* (not yet scheduled), the tormentors are the rich preppies in the secret society the Manchester Tribunal, their weapon psychological cruelty. And the WB's *Popular* (to bow Sept. 29 and 30; regularly Thursdays, 8 p.m. E.T.) has outsiders alienated by social castes and beauty-magazine standards; the network's *Roswell* (Oct. 6, 9 p.m. E.T.), UFO-crash orphans alienated for being alien.

The business motive behind these shows—and other new series with major teen characters, or spin-offs of teen hits (*The Parkers*, *Angel*, *Time of Your Life*)—is simple enough: success breeds imitators, and the large (about 31 million), fickle 12-to-19-year-old demographic draws ad money. But the economics alone don't explain the high school vogue, nor why the shows include a couple of the fall's better premieres. True, high school programs are still often mired in soap-opera plots—see the randy *Manchester*, whose early glimpses just miss so-bad-it's-good status—but they are also attracting writers and producers seeking to make statements and referencing hot-button issues and carrying credits like *The Larry Sanders Show*, *The X-Files* and *My So-Called Life* on their résumés.

"Adolescence is a great period of time to write about," says Jason Katims, once a writer for *MSCL* and creator of the acclaimed but short-lived romantic drama *Relativity*, whose brooding alien-human love story *Roswell* follows three teenage aliens as they evade discovery and seek their origins. "It's where so much of you is formed and the themes that will follow you your whole adult life are born." And doing a show about it is a great means of getting noticed. TV has fed the teen beast before, but these programs now enjoy cultural prominence, with *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Dawson's Creek* becoming emblems of post-feminist girlhood, sex, vio-

lence, name your issue, in a way that *Saved by the Bell* never did. Today you hardly hear the word teen without angst following, but what these series display is adult angst with perkier buns and better clothes, grown-ups posing kids as canaries in the societal coal mine. Whether the world of tomorrow? these shows ask. And what designers will it wear?

Columbine High, where social-outcast status turned to murderous outrage, didn't create these series, but it lent them urgency, focusing as each does on that basic high school and Hollywood concern: popularity. Set in America's laboratories of tyranny, empathizing with misfits, the shows purvey the myth that much as there were suddenly no Nazis in Germany after V-E day, there are now apparently almost no former popular high school kids. "I very much identified myself as an outsider [in high school]," says Katims. "I was king of the geeks," says *Manchester Prep* creator Roger Kumble. "I totally think I'm a geek," says Leslie Bibb, who plays a knockout cheerleader on *Popular*.

And what, after all, is popularity? Popularity—basing cliques on money and genes and je ne sais quoi—is class with training wheels. In a country that pretends it is entirely middle class, high school series serve as surrogate examinations of social barriers. (Or certain ones: while the great dramatic potential of high school comes from its throwing together





and Gina Matthews talk excitedly about future theme issues: cheating, fame, the social pecking order (Bibb's cheerleader is named Brooke McQueen—get it?). They aim to make, as Murphy calls it, “a Zeitgeist show” that nails the teen experience du jour with rapid-response precision: they repeat “reality” and “real” like mantras.

But can adults create a realistic high school show? Does anyone want them to? High school shows succeed by offering sexy fantasies (*Dawson*) or outlandish stories that ring psychologically true (*Buff*). What may save *Popular* is not its pandering to hipness but its willingness to skewer social

haves and have-nots and its satiric, *Heathers*-ish flourishes (the popular girls, e.g., hang out in a velvety school powder room called “the Novak,” as in Kim). *Freaks*, a sweet and funny character study, is probably the “realist” of the bunch and the best fall drama aimed at any demographic. But it is two decades removed from the way teens live now.

with good reason: “We couldn’t recreate high school today,” creator Paul Feig cheerfully concedes. “All the slang would be 10 years old.”

The irony is that *Freaks*, the least strenuously hip of the shows, may stand the strongest chance of controversy.

The “freaks” of the title are Led Zeppelin-listening, Midwestern burnouts who smoke—not just tobacco, of course. “The show will never be pro pot,” executive producer Judd Apatow avers. “But every time a kid smokes pot, you can’t show him coughing and retching and losing his mind.”

The variety of genres the high school-show class of ‘99 covers may be at-

tempts to stand out in a crowded field. Garth Ancier, president of entertainment at NBC, helped set off the teen explosion while he was programming head at the WB, but says a shakeout could be due. “Generally, the originators of these trends succeed, and maybe one copy.” Perhaps for this reason, it is difficult to get high school-drama creators to admit they’re creating high school dramas. *Freaks*, NBC insists, aims more “mature”. *Popular*, says its co-creator Murphy, is “a comedy”—we don’t look at this as a high school show. *Manchester Prep* is *Dynasty*; *Roswell* is *Beauty and the Beast*.

ONE DOUBT, HOWEVER, THAT THE teen connections hurt at the pitch meetings. Three seasons ago, Katims’ wonderful *Relativity* had class consciousness, star-crossed lovers and an odd, appealing ensemble—and it bombed. This year the WB gave *Roswell* a 22-episode commitment. Explains WB entertainment president Susanne Daniels: “What *Relativity* lacked in a hook or an angle, *Roswell* offers in spades.” That and a gold-plated audience. Much has been made of TV’s slavish emphasis on the youth demographic (which makes young-skewing shows “hot” out of proportion to their total ratings), but it could at best allow a talented writer to succeed with a well-crafted story of limited appeal. As long as he or she learns how to tell it through 16-year-olds in tight jeans. ■

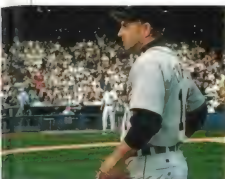
“[Adolescence] is where ... themes that will follow you your whole adult life are born.”

—Jason Katims, *Roswell*

kids whose parents don’t work or play together, these shows are almost uniformly white.) This In crowd-obsessed setting comes as close as is Nielsen-feasible to admitting that class is still in session: that it does matter where you were born and what you own, that there are invisible psychological obstacles to moving outside your circle, that social mobility is hardly frictionless. When school brain Lindsay Weir on *Freaks*, for instance, mixes with a crowd of rebels, she is dallying with kids who, as one puts it, “shoplift in [her] daddy’s store.” *Roswell*, likewise, explores nature-vs.-nurture questions through its teen aliens—two were adopted by a well-off family; the other grew up poorer in unloving foster homes—though Katims is cautious not to come off as issue oriented: “If you have a message,” he says, “send a telegram.”

Whereas *Popular*—in which a gorgeous, blond teen goddess and a gorgeous (but brunet) rebel become stepsisters-to-be—appears to have Western Union on speed dial. The original pilot (which is being expanded to two hours) takes on body image, eating disorders and virginity, just for starters. Co-creators Ryan Murphy





WILD PITCH: Can an aging superstar find his old form and lure his old fans back?

No-Hit Game

Kevin Costner strikes out in a baseball weepie

A PERFECT GAME IN YANKEE STADIUM is no big deal these days; two have been pitched in the past 16 months. But a good baseball movie, that's hard. Kevin Costner was in one of those (*Bull Durham*). In *For Love of the Game* he tries for two, as an aging Detroit Tigers pitcher in what may be his final game—a last shot at perfection.

Costner still twinkles and steams plausibly, but all else about the film is ludicrous. The nattering violins, orgasmic from the first moment, alert you that director Sam Raimi has either no control of the production or no belief in the material. And why should he believe? Dana Stevens' script buries the compelling story of an athlete's career crisis under a no-fun affair he has with a charmless woman (Kelly Preston—big mistake) and a daughter problem that adds 15 minutes of emotional lard. As domestic drama, it's down there with *Stepmom*. And much of the jock stuff will look loony to true fans. Costner has complained that his studio cut the film insensitively to get a softer rating, but what's left is nothing to brag about. If the filmmakers were ballplayers, they'd all be put on waivers.

There is a small, forlorn fraternity that thinks *The Postman*. Costner's widely reviled postapocalyptic romance, is a decent movie, acutely alert to the perils and pleasures of mythmaking. Maybe audiences will forgive Costner for making that noble flop and welcome him back to the baseball-weepie lode he mined in the sappy, canny *Field of Dreams*. (He even plays catch with his dead dad again.) Or perhaps, like this dogged Costner fan, you will simply want to shoot yourself by the third inning.

—By Richard Corliss

Dark Side of the Dream

Sure, we've seen suburban discontent before, but seldom as shattering a view as *American Beauty's*

LESTER BURNHAM (KEVIN SPACEY) hates his job and the cubicle to which it confines him. He has also come to despise his tense and frigid wife Carolyn (Annette Bening), to mourn the sullen silence that has descended between him and his teenage daughter Jane (Thora Birch), to loathe the sterile suburbia where they all try to make emotional ends meet. Lester masturbates a lot, especially when he gets to thinking about his daughter's friend Angela (Mena Suvari), the *American Beauty* of the title.

Oh, God, not that again. Not another midlife crisis, with its subcurrents of suppressed violence and repressed sexual longing. Not another tale in which we wait patiently or impatiently—depending on our tolerance for cultural clichés—for the cathartic, concluding burst of morally instructive gunfire.

But wait. Sometimes there is salvation in parentheses, especially when they surround the name of Kevin Spacey, giving a truly great performance. He's cynical. He's funny. He's angry. He's rueful. He's a mean truth teller and sometimes a curiously tender one. Best of all, he makes the transitions between these and a dozen other emotions heedlessly, without warning or visible preparation. You never know where he's coming from, or where he's going to end up in a scene. Yet boldly challenging our sympathies, he somehow wins them because, to borrow a phrase, he's a man in full.

He also has a dark and problematical double, the weird, smart boy next door. His name is Ricky (Wes Bentley). He deals drugs underneath the crazy nose of his abusive father (Chris Cooper), a retired Marine colonel of the neo-fascist persuasion, and creepily stalks Lester's daughter with his everpresent camcorder, eventually winning her be-

cause of the purity of his subversive nature. He is, perhaps, everything Lester might have been, if he had not long ago compromised himself. This also, perhaps, explains why Jane falls in love with him.

Ricky is a disturbing presence. Prior to Littleton, he might have been dismissed as an improbable one. But that tragedy—created by kids held in contempt by their peers and able to conduct a criminal life free of parental interference—gives him a peculiar, if entirely coincidental, resonance. He is not, in the end, tragedy's primary victim, but he is its precipitator, and the instructor of the complacency that it



A MAN IN FULL: Spacey, here ignoring Bening, gives a brilliant performance that is cynical, funny, angry, rueful and true

is the business of this movie to shatter.

Shatter stylishly, one must add. The writing by Alan Ball, whose first produced screenplay this is, consistently surprises—not so much in what it says, but in how it says it. He even risks having his story narrated by Lester from beyond the grave and makes Billy Wilder's old trick seem fresh. And the stage's Sam Mendes, also making his first film, dares a touch of expressionism, which we happily indulge, partly because he knows when to stop, mostly because the energy and conviction he and his cast bring to this movie do not permit second thoughts—at least until you are outside the theater, trying to shake off its mysterious spell.

—By Richard Schickel

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INSTANT STARS, AT LAST: Banjo picker Robison, vocalist Maines and fiddler Seidel

These Chicks Can Fly

They're not just the Spice Girls of country. When this trio plays bluesy or bluegrass, it's win Dixie

THEIR OVERNIGHT SUCCESS TOOK many moons. For nearly a decade the Dixie Chicks played grange halls and coffeehouses, appeared on *A Prairie Home Companion* and in a McDonald's commercial, toured from their native Texas to Alaska, without corraling the interest of a Nashville record company. The band's bluegrass-meets-cowgirl sound (its first CD, in 1991, was titled *Thank Heavens for Dale Evans*) seemed way too outré for the country-music establishment, and girl groups had never made much of a noise in Twangtown. It wasn't till Sony Nashville highlighted the Dixie Chicks' blond sauciness that the group became the thing du jour, peddling 6 million copies of its first big album, *Wide Open Spaces*, and earning a slew of music awards—including three Grammys this year, one for Best New Artist.

A quick listen to the album proved that however retro the group's moniker (taken from the Little Feat song *Dixie Chicken*) and spangled its couter (was it from Frederick's of Dollywood?), this was no three-headed blond joke. Lead singer Natalie Maines had won a scholarship to the Berklee School of Music. Emily Erwin (now Robison) could play a banjo as if it were a mojo, and her sister Martie Seidel is a classical violinist turned fiddler. These weren't the Lone Star Spice Girls; they were damn fine musicians. But the CD was on the perky-ordinary side; Natalie's voice had more attitude than authority. One wondered whether the Chicks could find a vision to match their virtuosity.

Wonder no more. *Fly*, their new set,

is a big leap forward, omerly and urgent. It has strong song selection, including five co-written by the Chicks, and a wide range of musical moods; the trio is at home in Appalachian mountain music or trailer-park rock 'n' roll. They can switch instantly from sexual threat ("You can't take back every chill you give me/ You're going down with me, baby, heart and all") in *If I Fall You're Going Down with Me* to rural yearning ("I wanna touch the earth/ I wanna break it in my hands/ I wanna grow something wild and unruly") in *Cowboy Take Me Away*.

Any good country-girl CD needs some salutary male bashing. The Chicks try it figuratively, in the rockabilly taunt "I need a boy like you like a hole in my head/ Let's just say we will and then don't instead." The bashing is literal in *Goodbye Earl*, a story song about an abused wife who feeds her evil spouse poisoned black-eyed peas, then dumps his body in the lake. ("The Dixie Chicks do not advocate premeditated murder," a liner note reads, "but love getting even.") The album's basic motif, though, isn't revenge; it's independence. These songs are smart about the ways a girl tries to become a woman.

What lingers longer and deeper than the tunes is the wily musicianship. *Sin Wagon* offers the bluest grass on the album, with Seidel's hot fiddle, Robison's flaming banjo and Maines' attack on the lyrics ("Do a little mattress dancin'") with the violence of a born-again bad girl. The album's best cuts offer prime, primal, high-altitude country. Listeners should fly up to meet it.

—By Richard Corliss

First Steps

A salsa star now tries to shake it up in English

MARC ANTHONY IS ONE OF THE finest male vocalists recording today. Hearing his pure, radiant voice is like drawing the curtains back from a picture window and letting in the summer light. Until now, Anthony has been known to his many fans mainly as a salsa singer, and almost all his songs have been recorded in Spanish. His last album, *Contra la Corriente* (RMM), was a work of brilliance: it made *TIME*'s list of the Top 10 pop albums of 1997, and it also helped pave the way for this year's mainstream media recognition of a new generation of Latin pop stars.

Anthony's forthcoming album, *Marc Anthony* (Columbia), due out Sept. 28, is his first major album to feature primarily compositions in English. Anthony not only switches languages for his newest release; he also changes genres—the tracks here are Latin-tinged, but for the most part they obey the standard rules and regulations of Top 40 pop. The best songs on this CD burn with Anthony's customary golden fire: the first single, *I Need to Know*, has a welcome urgency. In addition, one of the Spanish-language cuts, the salsa-infused *De la Vuelta*, is vibrant and involving.

Overall, however, *Marc Anthony* is just a pleasant album by a singer who on past releases has proved himself capable of greatness. Still, after listening to this new pop CD, one looks forward to Anthony's recording more salsa albums, or at least an edgier brand of pop. A singer as good as Anthony deserves material that's up to the challenge of his talent.

—By Christopher John Farley

CHANGES: Anthony switches not only languages but also genres by moving to pop



SHORT TAKES

BOOKS

HITLER'S NIECE By Ron Hansen It's hard to imagine Adolf Hitler as a sex symbol. Yet during the '30s, he set many a Mädehen's heart aflutter.



Unfortunately for them, the Führer was already smitten by a saucy teenager named Angelika Raubal, daughter of his half-sister. Hansen's fictional tour de force sticks to the historical record, but what may or may not have been said or done in private is of necessity impure fiction—dramatizations of Hitler as a sexually disabled masochist are graphic and over the top. Still, this is a painless way to learn a little history and enjoy such priceless dialogue as "She touched the swastika and said, 'Won't the girls at school be envious.'" —By R.Z. Sheppard

FASTER By James Gleick It's no accident that the paint has worn off DOOR CLOSE buttons in elevators throughout the country. At least that's Gleick's observation. We have become a clock-obsessed society, he argues, infected with "hurry sickness." Technological advances such as cell phones, microwaves and the Internet have only aggravated the condition, inundating us with more things to worry about instead of giving us more leisure time. Gleick offers up his pointed analysis with refreshing irreverence. —By Autumn De Leon



MUSIC

TIEMPOS Ruben Blades Shunning the siren of commercial Latin pop, and probably a big payday too, the singer-actor-activist aims higher and crams his new CD with the same idealism and pan-Latin spirit that propelled his maverick run for the Panamanian presidency in 1994. The songs—state-ly, reflective—mingle salsa and jazz appealingly, and Blades'



EYE CANDY

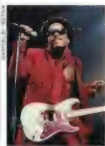


BUILDING BLOCKS: Architecture, that least transportable of arts, has a back-scratching relationship with photography. The camera craves beauty; buildings crave an eye. And photographer Ezra Stoller's eye is among the best. The charm of his new series of books is that each volume carefully documents a building—e.g., Eero Saarinen's TWA terminal at N.Y.C.'s Kennedy Airport—as the architect wanted it, before remodeling or damage. Beauty and history to go. —By Belinda Luscombe

lyrics celebrate the nobility of the common man. Providing backup is the eclectic Costa Rican instrumental trio Editus, whose congas and strings bring a Caribbean-Latin flavor that parallels Blades' message. —By David E. Thigpen

TOUR

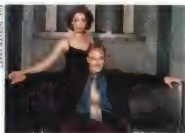
LENNY KRAVITZ *Freedom Tour* Soul-rocker Kravitz put on a sharp, smart show last week at the Meadows Music Theatre in Hartford, Conn. Leading sing-alongs of numbers like *Let Loose Rule* and churning out pulsating renditions of such hits as *Fly Away*, Kravitz deftly blended '70s rock, '70s soul and late-'90s cool. Fans kept standing even during the slow songs. But while the talented Kravitz was victorious, his main opening act, Smash Mouth, mounted a mushy set that mixed pop, punk and ska and created the musical equivalent of the stew of food particles you scoop out



of the drain after you've washed the dishes. —By Christopher John Farley

TELEVISION

ACTION, Fox, Thursdays Thank God for the decline of public decency! Snaky movie producer Peter Dragon (Jay Mohr) sees his much anticipated Christmas blockbuster tank but picks up an invaluable, street-smart confidant in Wendy Ward (Ileana Douglas), a child star turned hooker. ("She's my prostitute," Dragon tells a flabbergasted underling, "You're my whore.") Fast and aggressive as a Porsche on an L.A. freeway, *Action* is a little in love with its own transgressiveness, but when it passes up broad, vulgar humor for smart,



vulgar humor, it's the best excuse you'll find this fall for kicking the kids out of the living room. —By James Poniewozik

VIDEO

YELLOW SUBMARINE Directed by George Dunning In 1968, 31 years after Disney's *Snow White*, various heads came together to show how an animated feature could be hip, visually fecund and (remember?) psychedelic. Four writers, including *Love Story*'s Erich Segal, invented bizarre universes for the Beatles to stroll through, and designer Heinz Edelmann dreamed up creatures whose beguiling oddness suggests a collision of Dali and Dr. Seuss. Seen now, in a long-overdue video release, the film registers as an obvious inspiration for *Sesame Street*, *Monty Python* and MTV, and is a delight on its own. Thirty-one years on, nothing in feature animation has matched its endless, exhausting inventiveness. —By Richard Corliss





Joshua Quittner

Racing Chips

The new Athlon is definitely faster than Intel's Pentium III. So what does that mean to you?

SOME DAY I HOPE TO GET MY HANDS ON APPLE'S NEW G4, a desktop computer so fast that the company, at least, says it is really a supercomputer that can't

be exported to hostile countries. I'm not sure what I'll do with so much power—probably work toward world peace or play poker, as usual. Still, it'll be a comfort. In the meantime, I've been sampling the latest, fastest chip off the block: a 650-MHz Athlon, from Advanced Micro Devices. The new chip, also known as the K7, is slated to ship later this

month on selected Compaq Presario and IBM Aptiva 865 machines. For the first time in ages, beleaguered AMD has a speed edge over rival Intel, whose Pentium III chips chug away at (yawn!) 600 MHz.

Compaq lent me a preproduction Presario that comes with the Athlon chip and all the dressings (128 megs of RAM, DVD drive and so on). It's certainly a match for the Dell Dimension XPS T500, which I wrote about in March on the heels of Intel's launch of the Pentium III. In fact, it's faster—at least, according to the specs and benchmark tests conducted by various know-it-all trade magazines. But what does that mean to me? To find out, I tried a few real-world tests. It took me 48 sec. to install Hoyle Casino (Sierra) on my otherwise comparably configured Dell, vs. 30 sec. on the Compaq. (And two minutes on each to lose \$5,000 in Texas Hold 'Em.) Installing the morbidly obese Microsoft Office 2000 took 7 min. 40 sec. on the Dell but 6 min. 30 sec. on the Compaq. Starting up Word on both PCs was so fast (mere tenths of seconds) that I couldn't accurately record it on my stopwatch. Getting rid of that hideous animated paper-clip help guy, however, took way too long, though you can blame this on Microsoft, not chip speed.

The only problem I encountered was when I installed Wham-O's Frisbee Golf: an error message informed me that my machine didn't have the required horsepower—a Pentium running at 90 MHz or



ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY L. BROWN

better. (Duh. That's because it's not a Pentium.) Luckily, the error message wasn't fatal, and I was able to get the game running on the Compaq anyway.

I saw no difference in playing DVD movies or running any of the rich programs in the vast, dark Quittner Collection, although the Athlon is supposed to

handle multimedia much better, thanks to its 200-MHz bus, vs. the Pentium's 100-MHz bus. (Think of the bus as the highway between the microprocessor and the rest of the computer.) A spokesman for Intel pooch-pooled the importance of bus speed, saying the real bottleneck is elsewhere in the computer. As for all the other benchmarks that show AMD's chip being faster, Intel had no comment, though it has cut Pentium prices as much as 41%.

So AMD's Athlon or Intel's Pentium III: that is the question. All things being equal—components, software and peripherals in the package deal—if you feel you must have the latest, fastest, I'd shop this one strictly by price. Don't worry about brand names. If you can get a better deal on an Athlon, do it. One thing to keep in mind, though, is this: 99% of you who read this column won't see much difference. Chips have become so fast, they outpace most software's requirements. Then again, if speed really matters to you, maybe you need an Apple G4.

For more on microprocessors, see our website at timedigital.com. Questions for Quittner? E-mail him at jquitt@well.com

TURNING UP THE JUICE Tired of notebook batteries that fizzle after just a few hours? Electrofuel of Toronto (electrofuel.com) has developed the first 15-hr. backup battery. Called the PowerPad 160, it weighs only 2 lbs. and is just three-eighths of an inch. Made of a patented material, Lithium Ion Super Polymer, the PowerPad (\$499) lies flat beneath your computer and plugs into the power port.

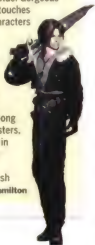


DIGITAL HIGHLIGHTERS You type on a computer, but many of the information sources you refer to—brochures, newspapers and dictionaries—are still on paper. To help convert the printed word into digital form for reports or homework, C Technologies and Siemens have developed digital highlighters. Simply swipe them across a line of text, and they will store data for transfer to your



PC, via infrared or serial port. Both Siemens' PocketReader and C Technologies' C Pen 200 cost \$200.

FIGHT OF YOUR LIFE Step into the lush, futuristic world of Final Fantasy VIII, the latest installment of the blockbuster PlayStation series that has sold some 22 million copies worldwide. Gorgeous scenery with cinematic touches and realistic-looking characters make this epic tale of good vs. evil dazzle onscreen. Players take on the role of Squall, a military-academy student who must stop an evil sorceress from controlling the world. Along the way he battles monsters, solves puzzles and falls in love. The story line may sound familiar, but its stunning rendition is fresh and new. —By Anita Hamilton





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Daniel Kadlec

Savings Bonding

This old-fashioned investment is getting a makeover. The updated model is worth a look

NOW THAT THE BUDGET DEFICIT HAS MORPHED INTO a surplus, the Treasury's Bureau of Public Debt is in sore need of a new mission. Sure, the U.S. still has \$5.6 trillion in obligations to manage. That'll keep it busy for a while. But things are different now that we're no longer spending more than we make. For one thing, the once vitally important U.S. savings-bond program seems ripe for attrition. Savings bonds finance only 4% of the national debt, down from more than 20% in their heyday, and officials are

in deep discussion about how to keep the program relevant.

There have been some innovations in the past 12 months—the new I-bond, whose interest rate rises and falls with inflation; the EasySaver plan, which features automatic bank-draft purchases; and PC purchasing via a bank. Next up: online purchases direct from the Treasury with no commissions or fees. Treasury will be trumpeting these new features—which private industry caught onto years ago—in a marketing campaign next year.

But should you be buying? Aren't savings bonds an investing anachronism? Not necessarily. They're especially well suited for anyone who puts away only \$50 or \$100 at a time (and saving any amount you can is worth doing) or who doesn't have a decent retirement plan at work. Increasing our anemically low national savings rate in this manner may emerge as the bureau's new mission.

Not in that group? Savings bonds still offer a return that's competitive with things like bank CDs, money-market funds, Treasury bills and savings accounts. Better yet, the income is exempt from state and local taxes, and you have control over when you cash in savings bonds and pay the tax.

But the Treasury, as it ponders how to get the word out on its new savings-bond programs, would do well to address some old problems first. The main one: some \$6.5 billion of savings bonds are no longer accruing interest because they are 30 or 40 years old.



Yet they go unredeemed. Many of them are tucked in a drawer or safe-deposit box, and the owner, who may have inherited them, has no idea that the bonds have matured. If you own savings bonds, check the dates. At minimum, any bonds that are no longer accruing interest should be converted into newer bonds that do. A government website, publicdebt.treas.gov, will help. Or check bondhelp.com, run by Dan Pederson, author of *Savings Bonds: When to*

Hold, When to Fold. While checking dates, look at newer bonds too. Consider:

- If you plan to buy I-bonds, do it before Nov. 1, when yields get reset. I-bonds have two elements: a guaranteed 3.3% interest rate and the rate of inflation, last counted at 1.75% (for a total 5.05% yield). The inflation rate is going higher, and will be applied to old and new bonds. But the guaranteed part may go lower on the new bonds. Buy now, and lock in the old guarantee.

- Americans forfeit \$150 million a year by mistiming sales. Savings bonds bought before May 1995 pay interest only twice a year. The best time to redeem them is immediately after interest has been credited.

- The last savings bonds you should sell are any bought between October 1994 and April 1995. At the five-year mark, they carry an unusual one-time kicker that amounts to six months of interest at 16%.

Now that's relevant investing. ■

See time.com/personal for more on savings bonds. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him on CNNfn, Tues., 12:45 p.m. E.T.

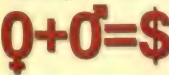
MUTUAL-FUND VOYEURISM Want to see your money manager in action? Trading activity at OpenFund can be viewed in real-time updates on its Meta-Market.com site. You can even watch the trading floor through a Web camera. The start-up also features online discussions with industry gurus. Coming soon: Stock-Jungle.com's Community Intelligence Fund. This planned mutual fund will choose its holdings on the basis of investors' suggestions, as culled by the fund's managers. SEC approval is pending.



YOUR2CENTS.COM Amazon.com started the trend, and now consumer reviews are expanding. *Epinions.com* covers everything from fly-fishing to cell phones, and pays reviewers up to 34¢ each time their reviews are read. The site lets members rate reviewers' trustworthiness, à la eBay, and lists professional reviews below customer ones. *BizRate.com* compiles customer feedback on e-commerce sites. These online reviews will be published in *Consumer Reports* beginning in November.

SOCIAL CLUB When it comes to money, boys and girls seem to play better together. A Brown University study tracked hundreds of investment clubs over the past decade and found that stocks picked by mixed-gender groups beat the S&P 500 by nearly 2%—that's a lot—while all-male groups squeaked past the index by 0.56% and all-female groups by 0.28%. Why the difference? Mixed clubs were often formed by co-workers, who were used to achieving goals, while single-sex club members tended to be friends, who didn't want to criticize ideas and hurt one another's feelings.

—By Julie Rowe





J. Madeleine Nash

Stealthy Virus

Baby boomers beware! The chicken pox you had at age 5 may come back in a different guise

THE TROUBLE BEGAN WITH WHAT FELT LIKE A SPECK of grit in my left eye. I didn't think anything was seriously wrong—until three days later when the eye puffed up and turned weepy and red. I called Glen Ellyn Clinic near my home in west suburban Chicago, and a couple of hours later I found myself seated in a darkened room across from ophthalmologist Mary Mehaffey.

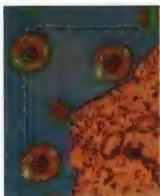
Dr. Mehaffey seemed genuinely concerned, so I took a deep breath and decided to tell her everything. "You're going to think I'm a hypochondriac."

I began. "But you know, around the same time this eye problem started, I also developed these bumps along the side of my face..." I brushed my hair aside so Dr. Mehaffey could see. She looked at the bumps and then at me. "It sure looks like shingles," she said. I listed other odd things I'd noticed—the red line snaking down my forehead, the tingling sensation at the end of my nose. "It sure looks like shingles," she repeated.

Shingles? I recalled that my father had been afflicted by this strange ailment, but I knew little about shingles until I did some digging. I learned that shingles could be thought of as the revenge of the chicken pox, or of varicella-zoster, the virus behind this childhood disease. A close cousin of herpes simplex, which causes cold sores, varicella-zoster can be beaten back by the immune system but never eradicated. Like a bandit pursued by a posse, it retreats to a safe haven—bundles of nerve cells in the spinal cord or cranium. There varicella-zoster lies dormant, usually for decades.

The name shingles derives from *cingulum* (Latin for belt or girdle) and refers to the fact that the accompanying blisters often cluster in a broad band, typically on just one side of the body. In my case, the skin lesions traced out the end branches of the fifth cranial, or trigeminal, nerve and affected only the left half of my face. In other cases, the lesions might appear on the chest, stomach or back.

Shingles (as *a.k.a.* herpes zoster) is a common ailment. Over the course of a lifetime,



THE CULPRIT: Varicella-zoster viruses under electron microscope

2 out of every 10 people who have had chicken pox will experience its misery. But while the disease can strike at any time, the risk increases sharply after age 50. Why? Probably because older people have fewer antibodies against varicella-zoster circulating in their bloodstream. Also at high risk are those whose immune systems are compromised, such as AIDS and transplant patients.

For the most part, the otherwise healthy completely recover from shingles, though when the eyes or ears are affected, permanent damage can occur. Other complications include excruciating pain that can linger for months, even years. "You were lucky," said Dr. Philip Brunell, a shingles expert at the National Institutes of Health, when he heard that I had gone back to work within a week. "At your stage some people can't bear to put on clothes."

Current therapies—anti-inflammatories like prednisone and antivirals like acyclovir—are aimed at alleviating symptoms. But there may soon be a better option. A more potent version of the vaccine that's used to inoculate children against chicken pox is being tested on older adults, and if it works as well as hoped, millions of aging baby boomers will be lining up for shots. As for me, I've crossed shingles off my worry list. Very likely the attack I endured has rendered me immune to another. ■

For more information on shingles, visit www.niaid.nih.gov. You can e-mail Madeleine at JMadeleine@aol.com

GOOD NEWS

THE GREAT GRAPE

There's little dispute that red wine can help keep a heart healthy. Now it's increasingly clear that grape juice may do the trick too. Purple grape juice—not the white kind—seems to offset damaging effects of LDL (or



"bad") cholesterol and keep blood vessels elastic in adults who drink about 12 oz. a day. The fruit juice contains the same beneficial flavonoids—aromatic micronutrients—found in red wine.

GET MOVING Here's yet another reason to exercise. A report on 60,000 women shows that exercise can help maintain gallbladder health. Engaging in moderate activity at least two hours a week—walking, dancing or aerobics—can cut the odds of developing painful gallstones by a third.

BAD NEWS

HEADS UP! Several reports warn that concussions from sports are far more prevalent than once thought. About 63,000 occur annually among U.S. high school students, mostly during football games. And given the number of headers in soccer, it's no surprise that Dutch researchers report that 50% of all soccer players suffer concussions. What's more, a U.S. study of college football players found that two or more concussions can impair intellectual performance. Tip to parents and coaches: not only blackouts but also dizziness and confusion are signs of a concussion.

AIR RAID Mosquitoes carrying St. Louis encephalitis besieged New York City last week, infecting up to 60 people and causing three deaths. What's puzzling—and frightening—is how the mosquito-borne virus got to Gotham; until now, it's been found mostly in the South and West. To battle the bugs, New York has been aerial-spraying malathion, using bug repellent and keeping windows shut.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: "Good News," *Circulation* (9/7/99); New England Journal of Medicine (3/9/99); "Bad News," *Journal of the American Medical Association* (1/8/99); New York City Dept. of Health.



This is not the face of cystic fibrosis.

It's the face of Rachel Course, cartwheeler, violinist and an extraordinary kid. She has cystic fibrosis (CF), but it doesn't stop her from doing the things she wants to do. New medicines discovered by pharmaceutical company researchers have helped Rachel, and thousands of other CF patients, go from a life of little hope to one filled with dreams for the future. There isn't a cure for CF yet, but America's pharmaceutical companies get closer every day. So a little girl like Rachel can keep on doing what she does best. Being a kid.

America's Pharmaceutical Companies

Leading the way in the search for cures.



Amy Dickinson

Piggy-Bank Blues

Some parents think an allowance teaches kids about money—but I don't buy it. Here's why

WHEN IT COMES TO MONEY, MY PARENTING STYLE LIES somewhere between that of the Godfather and a game-show host: after the family's needs are met, everything else is negotiable. Periodically, I've taken a page out of the Good Parent's Rule Book and given my daughter an allowance, usually accompanied by a little speech about money management, the go-go stock market and the magic of compounding interest.

Unfortunately, I also tend to poach the bills out of her piggy bank late

at night to pay the baby sitter or the pizza guy. (One night I even dipped into her petty cash to slip a buck under her pillow from the tooth fairy.)

According to surveys, about half of parents don't grant allowances, and most others do it the way I have—haphazardly. Its proponents argue that an allowance can help a child learn about money, that he has to make choices among the many things he wants and must work



AVERAGE ALLOWANCES range from \$3.74 to \$9.45 for kids ages 9-14

and save for them. But there's a downside: an allowance can be a crutch for a parent. As long as the child can afford to pay for something—say, a barbed-wire wrist tattoo—a parent might be more reluctant to say no.

Some parents also connect money to household chores or grade performance, which I think is a mistake. Your child should help at home because he is a member of the family and should work hard at school without a financial incentive.

Carol Seefeldt, a researcher on children's concepts of money at the University of Maryland, says that "if you want children to learn to make wise decisions and plan and budget, they need more than an allowance to do that." She suggests that parents involve kids in simple decisions involving the cost of meals and clothing and teach them to help comparison-shop for the family.

Our children are already bombarded with opportunities to spend money, and the options are about to explode through online shopping geared specifically toward

kids. Several new websites, such as Icanbuy, Rocketcash and Dough-Net, will set up accounts in a child's name. Parents can deposit a small amount from a credit card or use Grandma's birthday money as their child's online slush fund. These cybermallers are only too happy to point your child toward must-have products. They also offer FDIC-insured banking services so that little Timmy can watch his money earn interest between spending binges.

I guess that's a start, but we can do much more to teach our children that money is not just for spending. No matter what the source of their income, whether earned or from gifts, children should be encouraged to save and to give. A system of three piggy banks—one for spending money, one for saving and one for contributing to charity—is recommended by many money experts. Online sites can also teach about investing: younginvestor.com is a good one.

In our house I've offered to pay my daughter to take on jobs that I might otherwise pay an outsider to do, such as shoveling snow from the walk or raking leaves. But we're abandoning our allowance farce—after I repay the \$257 I owe her. Fortunately for me, she has generously offered to let me retire that debt at low interest, in weekly installments—you know, kind of like an allowance.

For more on teaching kids about money, see our website at time.com/personal. You can e-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com

I'M HOME The common belief is that if both parents work, the kids feel neglected. Yet *Ask the Children*, a new book out next week, reveals that two-thirds of kids ages 8 to 18 say they already spend enough time with their folks; only 10% desire more hours with Mom and 16% with Dad. Most children also admit that their parents are doing a good job as parents, yet they do wish their folks were less stressed, with 65% saying they worry about them sometimes.



EVERYONE ISN'T DOING IT In a national survey of teenage drug use, PRIDE, an organization devoted to drug-abuse prevention, revealed last week that while drug use dropped 1.6% between September 1998 and June 1999, a quarter of America's sixth-to-12th-graders used drugs at least once during the past year. Fewer students than in previous years believe heroin and cocaine are "very

Discussing drugs
Percentage of drug users among 6th-to-12th graders whose parents ...

35
Never discuss the dangers

22
Discuss the dangers a lot

harmful." But those whose parents talked to them "a lot" about the dangers of drugs were far less likely than other students to use them.

DRIVING MISS DAISY One of the biggest tensions between elderly parents and their children comes when the kids question whether Mom and Dad have lost too much of their eyesight and reflexes to drive a car safely. Few states make sure the elderly are fit to sit behind the wheel. Only Illinois retests older drivers, and attempts to pass a similar bill in California were shelved last week after strong opposition from the senior lobby. Even so, a new poll by the Field Institute reveals that 83% of Californians favor exams for those over 75. Also favoring the tests were 68% of those ages 75 and older.

—By Daniel S. Levy



HEALTHY CHOICE

ONCE YOU SEE
THE FAT GRAMS, IT ONLY
TASTES
LIKE A SIN.



White meat chicken
Crisp broccoli florets
Rich, creamy alfredo sauce
Full of flavor, low in fat

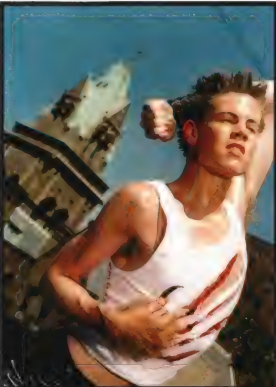


Two for the Ages

GREG SMITH is not a mama's boy. The freshman at Randolph-Macon College had a very sound reason for bringing both parents along on his first day of school: he's only 10 years old. The boy wonder was able to complete 10 school grades in three years. This is just as well, as his plans

for the future include getting doctorates in political science and biomedical and aerospace engineering, curing cancer, colonizing space and, natch, becoming President of the U.S. The latter shouldn't be a problem as the young frosh has resolved not to let other students "bend [his] morals." While Smith was demonstrating wisdom beyond his years, **MANNY HERSHKOWITZ**

was proving he was young at heart. The 82-year-old made his debut at the U.S. Open tennis championships in Forest Hills, N.Y.—as a ball boy. "I'm in good shape," he reports. "If they invite me back next year, I'll be here."



CLAWS TO MAKE MOM PROUD

Anne Rice's characters exhibit a curious understanding of the term *bloodline*, but the novelist has been a model, and mortal, parent. So says her son **CHRIS RICE**, who's entering the hair-raising world of publishing himself. Rice is among the "Hot Pop 300" profiled in *Interview* magazine's upcoming 30th anniversary issue, all of whom were captured by photographer-du-jour David LaChapelle. Rice began writing when Anne was hospitalized last December after being found to have diabetes. "I had to get my mind off Mom," he says. He showed his novel to his father, who told him, "This is going to change your life." It seems the transformation has already begun.



Will She Make House Calls?

A mysterious disease seems to have gripped *ER*. The show's cast keeps finding strange reasons to leave the top-rated series. First, Sherry Stringfield (Dr. Susan Lewis) quit acting for a "normal life." Then George Clooney (Dr. Doug Ross) checked out to make movies with Nicole Kidman and Jennifer Lopez. (O.K., that's not so strange.) Now **GLORIA REUBEN**, who plays ailing physician's assistant Jeanie Boulet, has declared she will be leaving after this season's first few episodes to hit the road as a backup singer and dancer for Tina Turner. Reuben, whose character usually ministers to patients with failing pulses, says she relishes the idea of playing before a live audience. "My entire reason for getting into the business was to make a mark in music," Reuben claims. "*ER* was a valuable, profitable sidetrack."

WHEN BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE BREAK UP

WHO: Mannequin **CLAUDIA SCHIFFER** and magician **DAVID COPPERFIELD**

WHEN: Earlier this month, after a six-year engagement

RELATIONSHIP'S LEGAL HIGHLIGHT: In 1997 Copperfield filed a \$30 million lawsuit against a French magazine that had suggested the union was a fraud

FUTURE DATING PROSPECTS: She was spotted in Majorca with monied British art dealer Tim Jeffries; he was seen at Sean ("Puff Daddy") Combs' Labor Day party with a Chilean journalist said to be a Schiffer look-alike

THE GOOD NEWS: No more jokes about how his best trick was getting her to date him



HEALTHY CHOICE

A GUILTY PLEASURE WITH AN INNOCENT FAT COUNT.



Rich. Creamy.
Marshmallow swirls.
Chocolate-covered almonds.
And only 2 grams of fat.



Roger Rosenblatt

The Proudest Papa

Richard Williams has a great time being the progenitor of champions

HAMLET'S OLD MAN MAY HAVE SET THE STANDARD FOR stage parents when he swore his son to a career of revenge, and screwed up the boy's life royally. Until recently, the definition of a stage parent was he or she who attempted to satisfy personal ambitions by directing the course of one's progeny, usually toward hell. Red Sox outfielder Jimmy Piersall was driven mad by his father's desire to play vicarious baseball. For Gypsy Rose Lee's obsessed mother, everything was coming up roses "for you and for me," but mostly "for me, me!"

Tales of these twisted relationships run from the tasteless to the tragic—from Brooke Shields' mother, who pushed her daughter around Hollywood like an ice-cream wagon, to Steffi Graf's crook of a father, who broke her heart. Tennis offers an especially good stage for watching these parents in action. There they sit in the best courtside seats, often functioning as "coaches," glaring stone-faced in fury or some other psychotic mood at their investment offspring, who are incidentally their children.

But lately, Richard Williams, the goofy and irrepressible father of tennis' most powerful sister act, Venus and Serena, has proved a delightful exception to all that. Williams has redefined the figure of the stage parent by being wildly ambitious for his two girls and yet at the same time wildly loving. The history of paternal nonsense has never seen his like. Before the U.S. Open started, he told the press that his daughters would definitely play each other in the finals. (He turned out to be half right.) "It's not that there aren't talented players here," said Williams in reference to the likes of Monica Seles, Martina Hingis and Wimbledon champion Lindsay Davenport. "It's just that my girls are better than they are." Yet when both girls made the semis, he smiled without gloating.

What makes him a special piece of work, though, is that he openly boasts that he deliberately engineered the production of his two daughters to make the family rich. Giving new zest to the phrase refreshing candor, he told the *Today* show's Matt Lauer last Friday that the original idea for the manufacture of Venus and Serena came to him when he happened to see a woman win "\$30 or \$40 thousand" in a tennis tournament, "and she played four days!" Not Thomas Edison, not Alexander Graham Bell, not Bill Gates could have been more enthusiastically inspired.

"I went to my wife and I said, 'We have to make two more kids,' and she didn't want to do it. So I used to take her out on dates, and I'd hide her birth-control pills. That's how Venus came. With Serena, what I'd do with my wife when I'd take her out is make sure that she had her birth-control pills. I'd tell my buddy, 'You know we're from the ghetto, right? You just act like the worst Crip, and take her purse.' And I'd calm her down, and that's how Serena came."

Lauer, who was knocked off his chair while remaining in it,

nicely observed that he'd heard that in any interview with Williams, "you get more than you bargained for. And we certainly just did."

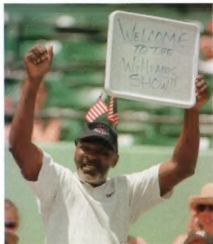
In my book, all this makes Williams the perfect stage father for the '90s. Unencumbered with guilt for making lots of money in flush times, he is also unburdened with doubt about the way he made it. And why should he be burdened at all? In an era when a great many less appealing and pleasant people than he blissfully screw others to get ahead, Richard did it the old-fashioned way, and with the woman he loves. Free of shame, he is also free to love his highly profitable girls wholeheartedly, which—it is clear for all to see—he does. He kept them out of the juniors

because he wanted them to concentrate on their education.

Pressed by Lauer to predict which of his daughters would prevail in the Open, his refusal to answer was as full of protective affection as of cuteness and tact. (He said, "A Williams.") Earlier in the week, when informed of Outrageous Statement No. 10,000 that her dad had made, Serena, who won the whole shebang, rolled her eyes slightly heavenward, the way that only a normally dad-mortified daughter would do.

Child psychologists may protest that the Williams girls would have been better off exercising their free choice of careers, and thus possibly to have become the nation's first African-American sister acturaries. But I'd bet that if asked how they are taking to their oppressive, regimented, premolded lives, they would both grin the way they do when they drill a backhand into the baseline corner.

Besides, there is something transparently insincere when parents say they want their children to lead their own lives and follow their dreams. What they really mean is that they want the kids to be safe, rich and happy. Richard Williams: Father of the Decade? ■



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